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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

The debates on the House of Lords' resolutions have been interesting, almost brilliant; but the real question of moment is what is Mr. Patrick Ford pleased to suffer the Prime Minister to do? It is often said Mr. Redmond is master of the position, and has the Government in his hand. But is not the real boss behind Mr. Redmond? Is he not an Irish-American, and his name Mr. Patrick Ford? Mr. Redmond may be master, but is not Mr. Ford paymaster? He edits the “Irish World”, and was last year affectionately styled by Mr. Redmond “the grand old veteran”. Mr. Ford's name, like Danton's, is “tolerably well known in the revolution”, and he certainly deserves his niche, like Danton, “in the pantheon of history”.

If anyone wishes to refresh his memory about Mr. Ford's views, he should read Mr. Arthur Walsh's letter in the “Times”, April 7. It is a terrible letter for some members of the Cabinet. The Home Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer may, or may not, laugh at it; but we are dead sure one or two members of the Government must shrink slightly at the thought of a deal over the Budget or anything else, however indirectly, with such open, deadly enemies of England. Dinghra's statement in the dock that it is perfectly justifiable to kill any Englishman who is “polluting our sacred land” was, according to Mr. Patrick Ford, “the noble utterance of a Hindu patriot”. What does Lord Morley think of this?

Mr. Asquith may have the court card up his sleeve, but it is Mr. Churchill who planks it on the table. His blazer that the Crown and the Commons must go in together and overthrow the Peers is the most outrageous thing so far spoken by a Minister. The “Daily News” took it gladly, and at the next election a section of the Radicals may go about declaring the

Crown on their side. Will Mr. Ure find time, whilst attending daily at his office, to stump the country for the Crown as last time he stumped it for the aged poor?

Mr. Lyttelton in his speech on Tuesday rebuked Mr. Churchill sternly for this scandalous lapse. That it is untruthful is perhaps its least offence. A hasty word in the heat of politics can soon be forgot, but this was spoken by Mr. Churchill in a deliberate, set speech. We doubt if there is a Labour member, Socialist, or irresponsible Radical in the House who would have done it.

Most people quite lose count of the resolutions against the Peers. There is reality enough in the revolution which the Government and Irish are trying to carry through, but this series of resolutions is a series of shams and hypocrisies. One has hardly patience to follow the debates all through. However, there have been some good speeches. Mr. Bonar Law gave quite his best, and Mr. Lloyd George offered Mr. Churchill a lesson in form, perhaps to avenge himself for the marches Mr. Churchill has been stealing on him of late. Mr. Lloyd George Limehouses the Dukes—it is left to Mr. Churchill to Limehouse the King.

Mr. Bowles made a clever, and, what is more, a really good speech; more than ever one feels what a mistake was made when he was left out of office years ago by Lord Salisbury, though not through Lord Salisbury's fault. There were several “scores”, of course, on both sides, honours perhaps being divided in this. Mr. Chamberlain, who has been speaking exceedingly well, got in a rasping one at Mr. Belloc who wanted to shut him up: “The honourable member always speaks with great impatience of the time occupied by other members”. Mr. Belloc: “I have never spoken more than twenty minutes in my life”. Mr. Chamberlain: “One can occupy a great deal of time even if one never speaks more than twenty minutes”. And indeed it is profoundly true that some of the longest speeches and sermons are the twenty-minutes or half-hour ones. But this hardly fits Mr. Belloc, who is a bright speaker.

The idea of the creation of five hundred peers to swamp the House of Lords grows on the Liberal Party, as the

debate shows. It is even suggested it may be done without an election. Yet, presume—a big presumption—the power to be given the Government to make their new peers, how is it to be done? Which sort of peer is it to be—capon (as Mr. Bowles would say) or coal-heaver? One has always understood that when a Liberal Government consents to make a peer the peer has to put something into "the party chest". But what Liberal of standing will agree to subscribe to the chest if he is to be given only a capon peerage? It will surely be the other way on—the Liberal chest will have to put something into the peer. No man of spirit and reputation would take on the job for less than five hundred pounds, all expenses paid. Here is a total at once of £250,000. No; the more practical plan would be to put in the coalheavers.

But some day, even the Radicals admit, a Conservative Government must come in. We were talking this week to a Welsh Radical—a shrewd and excellent member of Parliament—who thinks the Unionists will come in at the next election. Anyhow, sooner or later they must be in. What is to happen then, as Professor Saintsbury inquires? Possibly the Liberal Peers will be "not, not the five hundred" they were. Still, the Unionists might call for another batch of, say, three or four hundred to restore a fair balance. But perhaps Mr. Asquith has some plan for creating Peers for this turn only.

This time Mr. Asquith has made an ecclesiastical appointment on frankly political grounds. Canon Hicks has made himself famous by Radical politics more than by any Church work. He is a man of mark, no doubt, and ability, but the mark is party politics, which ought not to be the way to promotion in the Church. Canon Hicks is so furious a partisan that he will support a Radical candidate though he be an avowed enemy of the Church; and this is the kind of man whom the Church has to look to as a bishop. Is Mr. Asquith purposely making Establishment as difficult as possible for honest Churchmen to tolerate? There is an insult in such an appointment in the room of Bishop King. King was a strong Tory, but he put his Church very far above his party. Mr. Asquith points the contrast between himself and Mr. Gladstone, who in appointing to this very see conspicuously laid aside all political considerations. In extenuation of this appointment can be set down only that Mr. Asquith did offer the see first to a great Churchman, a strong Liberal no doubt, but one who has always put his religion above his Liberalism. For most honourable public reason he refused the appointment. Canon Hicks' quality may be inferred from his giving, as his recreation in "Who's Who", "temperance agitation".

Lord Curzon did extremely good work in bringing up the scuttle from Somaliland in the House of Lords. The effect of the debate is to show the matter in a more serious light than ever. Even those who disliked the business from the beginning had hardly realised how gratuitous and how ill-timed this retreat is. The Mullah was losing steadily in every way; the friendlies were full of spirit and devoted to us; and the Government, instead of pursuing our advantage—decamp. The friendlies are to have a gun put in their hands, and then be told to shift for themselves. Lord Crewe in defence could only quarrel with Lord Curzon's use of the word "evacuation"—the Government's own word, as Lord Curzon retorted—and try a tu quoque with Lord Lansdowne, who showed that the Unionists never contemplated withdrawal to the coast. The matter must be kept before the public.

The sugar debate in the House of Lords on Tuesday was a three-cornered contest. Lord Denbigh thought that in order to encourage the cultivation of beet sugar in this country, excise should not be levied on sugar manufactured from home-grown beet. Lord Denman—and it seems Lord Lansdowne—favoured a grant from the Development Fund as means of endowment. Lord

Carrington was for doing nothing at all; let the industry fend for itself. That, at any rate, is better than Lord Denman's way. To collect money in excise and to return it as bounty is not business. Obviously it is folly to take money from an industry in one way and to give it back in another. What the present Government are proposing to do is even more foolish. They propose to tax out of existence an infant industry before it has had a chance to exist.

The short debate on Tariff Reform on Wednesday was distinctly one-sided, as Sir George Kemp and Mr. Simon did not attempt to answer the admirable speeches of Mr. Hamilton Bann and that veteran Radical, Mr. Samuel Storey. Sir George Kemp's Free Trade amendment, which was only carried by 33, was not even relevant to Mr. Bann's motion, for no one proposes to put "protective taxes on corn, meat, dairy produce, and raw material". Raw material is exempt, and only low duties are proposed on certain articles of food in order to establish preferential trading with the colonies. It is no doubt true that the cotton trade, as importing raw material and exporting a manufactured or semi-manufactured article, would not be affected one way or the other by Tariff Reform, except in so far as every trade is benefited by the general prosperity of the country. We do not know what Sir George Kemp means by saying that "all the things used in the equipment of a mill, and the running of a mill, would be taxed if the Tariff Reformers had their way". We were under the impression that British mill machinery was the best in the world; and if the mill-owners now use cheap American or German machinery they ought not to be allowed to do so.

The story that Mr. Hamilton Bann told of the British Consul (or was it Minister?) declining to help him to recover a sum of money in Buenos Ayres, because it was not "etiquette" for him to interfere in "a commercial affair", while the German Minister (one-fifth of the money belonging to a German firm) exerted himself and got the money back, is delightfully expressive of the way our business interests are looked after abroad. By the way, if ("as the Pelagians do vainly say") duties of import are paid by the consumer, why are our exporters so anxious to get foreign tariffs reduced? Why does Sir Edward Grey exert himself to get foreign duties reduced? Why have we always prevented India from putting duties on Lancashire cotton? If the Free Trade theory were correct, our manufacturers should regard duties of import at foreign ports with philosophic indifference. Varying a couplet of Churchill's—the poet, not the novelist or the politician—our manufacturers ought to rub their hands and exclaim:

"What is't to us if tariffs rise or fall?

Thanks to consumers, we pay none at all!"

But they do not say anything of the kind: they curse, and open a factory abroad. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Storey that Tariff Reform will be carried by the trade unions—whether in conjunction with the Unionist or the Liberal party remains to be seen.

We believe it is more than doubtful whether Lord Kitchener will after all go to the Mediterranean. This is the view of some men in high position to-day, especially naval men. They add that Lord Kitchener would be of no special use there, though of course everyone knows that our position in the Mediterranean is of tremendous naval and imperial importance.

Sir Charles Lucas has returned from Australia full of satisfaction with what he saw and heard. That will at least be pleasing to the Australians, who have not always been charmed with the compliments flung out by the flying visitor. In Sir Charles Lucas Australia, of course, saw Downing Street at its best. He is something more than an official: he has been a close student of colonial affairs and colonial history, and there was no fear that he would give the Australians reason to complain that he believed Victoria to be the capital of New South Wales. Sir Charles suggests that a senior and

junior representative of the Colonial Office should visit the colonies in the intervals of the Imperial Conferences. It is just as well that permanent officials should put themselves into actual touch with affairs in whose administration they may have to take a hand, however slight.

The last act in the Agram treason trial has been brought to a close with the release of the chief defendants. The Supreme Court has decided that though there was evidence of a Pan-Serb conspiracy it was not proved that the defendants were implicated in it. What this evidence was is not stated—a discreet piece of reticence in view of what happened to Dr. Priedjung. It may be that the finding of the Court is perfectly sound, but it must not be forgotten that just as the original prosecution was an act of political expediency, so is the present piece of clemency. The charges of high treason were brought by way of justifying the annexation of Bosnia; the convicted defendants are released on the eve of a general election, when the Khuen-Hedervariz Ministry is anxious to conciliate the Croatian vote. No wonder that the whole Austro-Hungarian judiciary is suspected of political subservience.

No one who has followed the course of events in the Near East will be surprised to learn that an insurrection has broken out in Albania. It is reported that after severe fighting the Turkish troops have been defeated. This may probably be only the beginning of trouble. "Konstituzion" was at first believed to be a new move which would allow everyone to do as he pleased in a land where even the late Sultan let the reins hang loose. As soon as it was discovered that the idea of the Government was that all alike were to become Ottomans, racial instinct broke loose. Both Christian and Mohammedan in Albania cling to tribal organisation and pride of race. Any threat of attempted amalgamation is enough to arouse an opposition which may prove strong enough to wreck the new régime and the Young Turks with it. The institution of an octroi duty is quite enough to stir local feeling to fever heat when it has been thus set simmering.

Marseilles is in the midst of a third strike, most embarrassing to the French Government; three since 1907. The mails from the port to Algeria, the Levant, and the East generally, are being held up and the traffic disorganised. Again the inscrites maritimes are the cause of the trouble. They are partly under naval discipline, and to meet their grievances several years ago special methods were provided. The leaders of the labour unions have, however, persuaded them to strike without submitting themselves to the official procedure. Probably the union leaders have done so rather to show their power than on account of real causes of complaint. The enrolling of Lascars seems to be the chief grievance. Some of the men have been arrested, and the Government intends, so it says, to be severe with them. But the elections are at hand, and we know from previous strikes how this takes the heart out of a French Government.

The Pope and Mr. Roosevelt will not meet after all. Mr. Roosevelt wanted to see the Pope, and the Pope would be delighted to receive Mr. Roosevelt, but unfortunately with conditions. Mr. Roosevelt is much too big a man to be received by anybody on conditions. He must come on his own terms or not at all. But the Holy Father did not see that even an ex-President of the United States was entitled to dictate his own terms, especially when it was he who had made overtures for reception. So Mr. Roosevelt broke off negotiations. He has had his show of spread-eagleism, and is probably quite pleased with himself; and possibly the Pope will survive not seeing the great man. So nobody need mind much. Certainly it can matter little enough to Europe whether Mr. Roosevelt sees the Pope, or anyone else, or not.

On the top of the Republican schism which led to the defeat of Speaker Cannon comes another in New York State, out of the Allds scandal. Mr. Allds was the leader of the party in the Senate, and Mr. Conger was a partner in his firm. Mr. Conger "split" on Mr. Allds, who was convicted of graft. Now Mr. Conger has had to resign from the Senate because the firm itself is proved to have shared the graft. Governor Hughes and Mr. Root had a "reform" candidate for the Senate leadership; but the party caucus has elected a "machine" man. The reformers are not taking this rebuff lying down; the party in New York State looks like being riven in the struggle. New York, a pivotal State, in American political slang, may be the scene of Democratic triumph at the approaching Congressional and State elections and even at the Presidential election in 1912 unless "Roosevelt reviendrai qu'il nous faut", as the French sang of Boulanger.

Is the long-standing difference between Chile and Peru at last coming to an issue? Twenty-seven years ago a tract of territory was left by Peru in occupation to Chile on condition that, when ten years had passed, the inhabitants should be allowed to say to which country they wished definitely to belong. The plébiscite is now seventeen years overdue, and Peru says that Chile has wilfully put off the evil day. Peru goes even further, and accuses Chile of exercising rights within the territory to which in virtue of mere occupation she had no claim—for instance, the right of ecclesiastical patronage. The land lies within the Peruvian diocese of Arequipa, yet Peruvian priests have been dealt with as under the Minister of Public Worship for Chile. To these charges Chile has not yet given answers that completely satisfy.

M. le Blon is the sixth man to be killed in an aeroplane within the last eighteen months. Flying for years to come will be little more than a sport—and fair-weather sport at that. Now that the first wonder is over that men can fly at all comes a period of quiet work, in which will be thought out a very different type of machine from any yet launched. Mr. Edison, who believes that before very long we shall have a transatlantic service of heavier-than-air machines, has never believed in the monoplanes and biplanes which have held the air up till now. The present type is for the sportsman, not for the passenger; and the sport is an extremely perilous one. M. le Blon was one of the newcomers—a pupil of M. Delagrangé, who was himself killed last January. He was a bold flier, and as sure as bold. The sudden collapse of his machine was quite unexpected and difficult to explain.

Colonel von Donop's report to the Board of Trade on the Stoat's Nest accident shows that it was due to the shifting of a wheel on its axle. Such accidents are rare, but one happened in 1895 at Maidenhead and another in 1898 at Exeter, both on the Great Western Railway. Since then certain tests have been applied by this company to all new wheels, and the possibility of this defect is reduced to the lowest. It is not customary, according to Colonel von Donop, for railway companies to use these tests, though the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company since this accident have now arranged to do so. The report concludes with the remark that the accident shows the desirability of the general adoption of such tests, and that the attention of railway companies should be drawn to the matter.

Lord M'Laren, whose death makes a vacancy in the First Division of the Scottish Court of Session, was of so frail a physique that his twenty-eight years on the Bench are quite wonderful. In the robes and wig of a Court of Session judge he was hardly visible, and later one wondered how body and soul held together. In a sense the M'Larens of Edinburgh were a great political family. Lord M'Laren's father, the tailor and clothier, as we should say, but in the Scottish tongue, merchant, was



sixteen years Radical member—really Radical in those days—for Edinburgh; and "Johnny" M'Laren, as he was called (cf. "Johnny" Russell) succeeded him and became Lord Advocate in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1880. But his genius was really legal, not political. On the platform he was a failure, and, as with Sir Horace Davey and Sir John Rigby, popular constituencies would not choose him until his father retired and Edinburgh accepted him in memoriam. He made a distinguished name as judge and legal writer, and in that part, not as advocate or politician, Scotsmen will remember him.

Mr. Frederick Wicks, who died suddenly this week, was a man of real gifts. Had he been fully educated when young he might have gone far. He was fertile in ideas about many things in business and public life, and at seventy was far fresher in mind and fuller of spirit and resource than many men hardly in the forties. But somehow Mr. Wicks seems never to have found himself quite. Far from mediocre, he yet missed distinction. His novels have clever passages, but they also abound in crudities and are over-elaborated. In character he was a strong-willed man and a very kind man.

We believe that Mr. Wicks was the only journalist living who could claim to have been, as journalist, at a meeting of the Cabinet. Lord John Russell, he said, once wished some statement to be taken down by an expert reporter, and Wicks, who was then on the "Globe", was chosen for the task. Lord John Russell, whatever his failings as Minister, was not doing a deal at the time with Irish-American revolutionists.

Scotland has lost, by the death of William McTaggart, a landscape painter who had won the enthusiastic admiration of younger men in his own country, including Mr. Carr, the director of the Scottish National Gallery. In England his work has only begun to be generally known; but he has been recognised as a true artist, who had independently worked out an impressionistic treatment of marine effects. He was one of the brilliant band of artists trained by Scott Lauder that include Orchardson, Pettie and others. His nearest analogue in England is Hook; but McTaggart did not fall into Hook's error of figures falsely related to his scenes. He cultivated a fly-away handling, expressive of wind and light and wave movement, that is particularly successful in some of his water-colours. He is an artist who ought to be represented in our London collections.

There is no cheaper or surer way of making a sensation than to cast doubt on a celebrated picture, especially if it belongs to the nation. It was certain someone would come along to discover that the Rokeby Venus was not by Velasquez. The picture could hardly be certified "free of distemper and all picture ailments" until it had. Mr. Greig has made his sensation and got himself talked about for quite two days. The Trustees of the National Gallery were wise, however, to take him seriously, or the public, which cannot be expected to know, might take him seriously in earnest. The very strong committee of experts appointed to examine the picture found "no vestiges of any monogram or signature".

The prospect of the two-shilling novel becoming at all common is terrifying. Instead of a publisher selling an odd four hundred copies at six shillings, he will lay himself out to sell at the very least an odd thousand at two. Probably the number of modern novels scattered through the country will be multiplied by many more than three. Well-thumbed trash will no longer pass from cousin to cousin; the cousins will have nice clean copies of their own. To the bad craving for the printed stuff will be added a fresh zest—the zest of the collector adding yet another to the shelf. Moreover, the man with two shillings to spend, instead of buying a cheap reprint of George Eliot or Sir Walter Scott, may henceforward be up-to-date at the same price. In literature the appetite is apt to grow by what it feeds on; and the fewer people able to afford new novels the better.

#### THE COUNTRY'S MASTER.

BESIDE Mr. Lloyd George in the House the turtle dove is as raucous as the raven is sweet beside him on the platform. This excessive gentleness does not become the speaker and were better dropped, for it produces no effect; and if it had any result, it would not be to disarm opposition. This week has shown the Government's plan very clearly. The line now is that they are really not doing anything very serious; they are the last men to upset the constitution; they have no animus against landlords or anybody else: all they want is fair play. The House need not be afraid of these resolutions: they are, after all, tentative; there is nothing final about them. They may safely let these through without delay, as a Bill is to be introduced at once. Then will be the time seriously to discuss questions of constitutional change. Mr. Lloyd George, in his anxiety to get a fair and quick passage for the resolutions, volunteered the explanation that the only reason they were not immediately dealing with reform of the Lords was that they could not get reform through until they had deprived the Lords of their "veto". As if the Lords were more likely to accept these resolutions than to accept reform! The Government can pass neither without going to the country (the talk about guarantees is nonsense), and they could have brought in a reform scheme without losing any more time or further delaying a decision than they will now. That, of course, was a mere blind; so much has been dragged out of Mr. Churchill. The Government plan is to get the resolutions through; then introduce a Bill—not for discussion—and go to the country. This would put them in a happy position tactically. They would have taken no final step in fact, but they would be able to point to their Bill as proof that they meant business. More important still, this would enable their various conflicting groups to explain the policy as to the Lords every one in its own way. The moderate Liberal will say to middle-class constituencies, "Of course, we are going to reform the Upper House; we are going to have a stronger and better Second Chamber than ever. We unfortunately had not time to do it this session; but give us a majority and we shall make it our first business in the new Parliament". To the "earnest Radical", the stalwart, the strenuous, the line will be, "You see we are depriving the House of Lords of all power; it is practically single-chamber government; why trouble about mending the Lords?—we have virtually ended them". As things are, it would be impossible to show that either of these statements of the position was wrong; and the party managers will be slim enough to prevent the two views being put within hearing of each other. Were the Bill embodying the resolutions to be discussed in its various stages, the game would be up; for the Government would not be able to avoid saying things which would enable the public to decide for itself whether they do or do not mean to deal with the reform of the Lords. No wonder the Government are cutting down the time for discussion of the resolutions by a novel use of the guillotine.

Delightful comment is this on the anxiety of the Government for fair play; on their single eye for the supremacy and dignity of the Commons. They propose this time to drop out Report stage altogether. They have already given the Chairman of Committees the power to select amendments for discussion. They propose to make the Speaker decide which Bills shall and which shall not be even discussed by the Upper House. Their main proposition takes away from Parliament, as Mr. Bowles ably showed, its supremacy. Parliament consists of King, Lords, and Commons, and to enable two out of the three to make laws without the consent of the third is to diminish from the supremacy of Parliament. The effect of their anti-Lords policy is to weaken Parliament, not to the advantage of the House of Commons, but to make the Government of the day supreme and uncontrolled except by the party it represents. The grand result of all this will be to make the wire-pullers on either side masters of the country. No doubt "that which is called a wire-puller", to quote from



the words of Lord Salisbury on a presentation to Mr. Middleton, may be a good Christian and a patriot and a gentleman; still, we would rather the country were not governed by that which is called a wire-puller. And it is all very well to comfort us with the assurance that though all these things might be, they will not be. The English people are too sensible; things would work out all right somehow, and so on. But other countries' experience shows us that party managers do use their power when they realise it, and it is seldom that the people, if there is any "people" outside both parties, rises up in its wrath to depose the wire-pullers. Under the Government plan, when an election gave one party an overwhelming majority, the ring controlling that party could and would do absolutely what it liked until another election came. This is the Radical calculation. They know that the settled view of the public will never approve of the violent measures they want to pass. Therefore they will do everything to avoid submitting their measures twice to the country's judgment. They are against increasing the power of the whole body of the electorate as against the House of Commons, for their party can control the House of Commons for a much longer time than it can control the country, and far more firmly. Therefore the Radical plan is so to arrange things that once the country has given them a working majority they will be able to use it to carry through, unchecked, extreme measures which would not secure approval if referred back to the country. In short, the plan is to exploit to the uttermost a passing popular fit. Doubtless, this will not trouble you if your democratic fervour is such that you rejoice in anything the people does simply because the people does it, a posture Mr. Roden Buxton assumed in the House. He would put up with Tariff Reform, or any other wicked thing an elected Tory majority might do unchecked, if only the Lords were stopped from vetoing it! (Was the "Times" correction of its wrong attribution of this brilliant saying to Mr. Noel Buxton instigated by Mr. Noel or Mr. Roden? One could more easily conceive Mr. Noel resenting than Mr. Roden claiming fatherhood.) Even so, the honest democrat would be wrong. It is not playing square with "the democracy" to take advantage of a temporary exaltation. To bind a man to the last letter of undertakings given in the generous temper which precedes the headache is mean. The nation must be allowed to think over questions the next morning as well as the night before.

But that is just what Radicals do not want. They want the free hand for the Commons, that is for the Government, that is for their party. Even if the autocracy of the House of Commons as an independent Chamber were possible and were meant, we should be against it. The country is able to look after itself as well as the House of Commons can look after it. So far as the House represents and reproduces the commons, it is in these days mainly superfluous; so far as it does not represent them, it has no right to be. The nation could be governed very well indeed by Crown, Lords, and country (in electioneering phrase). Differences between Lords and Commons are nothing, between the Lords and country everything. The distinction is essential; it is one of vital fact. To talk of the House of Commons as identical with the public is misrepresentation, whether ignorant or wilful. It is always, for one thing, far more partisan than the public; more correctly, perhaps, we should say, more one-sided. We all know that party votes much more nearly equalise than elected members. Then there are a good many electors who do not vote at all, but may have views all the same; and others do vote but on other than political grounds. Still they have their views, and the House does not represent these views. Altogether the public, or the people, is a more reasonable genial beast than the House of Commons. Therefore we do not agree with the "Westminster Gazette" that the House of Commons, and not the Lords, is to be "the country's master". We would have neither Chamber for master. The House of Commons should be the country's servant. The country purports to be its own master.

#### THE WHITE ROSE IN THE RED CAP.

"TO Liberals", exclaims the "Daily News", "every prerogative of the Crown is sacred." The reason is that "the prerogatives of the Crown have become the liberties of the people, and are reserve powers to be exercised in accordance with the people's will". There is an unctuous insolence about the assertion of a Liberal M.P. that loyalty to the Crown forbids the thought that a constitutional Sovereign could possibly refuse Mr. Asquith anything, and something worse in the suggestion of a Ministerial organ that the King should be terrorised by mob demonstrations which are "not to have primarily an electoral aim", but are to "enable the King to feel that the verdict of the country at the polls has not since been disowned by it". Plus royalistes que le roi, the Highfliers of Liberalism are everywhere shouting for the Prerogative. The Lords are recreant traitors to the Crown, first in forcing it to dissolve Parliament—but what are the Commons when they do the same?—second, in renouncing the right of nobility, as such, to carry with it a seat in the Legislature: which is to limit the King's power to flood the Upper House of Parliament; third, in refusing his Majesty supplies; and fourthly, in preventing him from giving his assent to other measures which his faithful but much-closed Commons desire, or pretend they desire, to lay before him—such as Irish Home Rule. But the conspiracy against the Throne is, it seems, spreading—witness the proposal to vest the nomination of county justices by law in the Lords-Lieutenant. In fact, the power of the Crown has diminished, is diminishing, and ought to be increased.

To be sure, there is nothing very new in this phenomenon. It was Charles James Fox who said that "the King's prerogative is to strengthen the people's rights", and much earlier than that Rochester lampooned the endeavour of the Commons to use Charles II. as a demagogue, in the lines beginning: "In all humanity we crave Our Sovereign may be our slave". Monarchs and aristocracies have been more or less at loggerheads all through the world's history, and when the "Daily News" points out that, as every national historian recognises, "the House of Lords has always been the enemy of the Crown, and never so bitterly as when the Crown represented the interests of the masses", we daresay it had the much-maligned King John in mind. Or perhaps it is thinking of Louis, Quatorze and his noblesse, whom he locked up or turned into court lacqueys. In the eighteenth century, again, there was a very remarkable revolution brought about by the free-thinking autocrats of the Frederick the Great and Catherine of Russia type, who crushed out aristocracies and priesthoods in order to establish a régime of Liberal despotism. They did a good deal for irreligion, but had not much use for "the interests of the masses". On the other hand, there were pious monarchs, like George III., who had oligarchical Whig nobilities to tackle, but neither did they identify themselves with the Sovereignty of the People. Kings and emperors, or more often heirs-apparent, have now and then played with Jacobinism, and so have ecclesiastics. The mediæval papalists, and afterwards the Jesuits, built up a regular political philosophy on a Rights of Man doctrine which was to be at the service of the Pope against recalcitrant rulers, and the theses of Milton, Locke, Rousseau, and Tom Paine are all to be found in reverend Latin folios, in John of Salisbury, Aquinas, Suarez and many more, who are sometimes foolishly quoted to prove that the Church was not always Tory, nor Rome always obscurantist. We are not gainsaying that despots and demagogues have often run in double harness. But when the Home Secretary brags that the "Crown and the Commons, acting together", are going to "restore the Constitution of the country", he is insolently asserting that the most august monarchy in the world is about to be cowed into allowing a Cabinet leaning precariously upon a congeries of factions, to array itself in the externals, and speak with the voice, of regal majesty. We are reminded of Anthony Wood's

description of Henry Marten, the republican, dressing up George Wither in

"the Crown, Robes, Sword and Scepter belonging antiently to K. Edw. the Confessor, and used by all our Kings at their Inaugurations, who scornfully declared that there should be no further use of these toys and trifles; and, being crown'd and royally arrayed, did first march about the room with a stately gait, and afterwards with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions exposed those sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter".

But, in fact, the accidental majority in one House of Parliament which calls itself the People of England thinks to assume the regalia of monarchy permanently, and to fit to itself the lofty theocratic language of the Coronation Service, clothing itself in mystic attributes of heaven-descended majesty. It fixes the white rose of loyalty into the red cap of revolution, because loyalty to the Throne means, it thinks, loyalty to itself. It quotes doctrinaire writers like Lord Courtney to the effect that "the will of the Crown is now the will of the Minister". For a generation or more it has been the Liberal cue to magnify the Prerogative, and it was by royal warrant that Gladstone in 1871—to the horror of a remnant of 1688 Whigs—effected the abolition of Army purchase over the heads of the Lords. The Morley arbitrariness in Ireland was practically an "administrative" James II. régime of dispensations from the penalties of law-breaking, and refusal of protection to the law-abiding. When a Conservative Government went to Parliament to sanction the cession of Heligoland, there were Liberal protests on behalf of the rights of the Crown. And other examples might be given. We do not doubt that, if *lettres de cachet* were an obsolete *droit de la Couronne*, the Government organs would suggest their revival. The "Daily News" actually applauds the withdrawal in 1892 of a Prussian Education Bill, which had received the sanction of the Legislature, "by express order of the Kaiser, who would not sanction a law against which the whole body of Liberals protested", and hopes that he will treat the new Electoral Bill in the same way, or else that the Upper House will overrule the Clerical majority in the Lower House. So that royal Prerogative ought not even to register the "will of the people", expressed through a majority of its representatives, but should be an indefeasible perquisite of the Liberals, whether in power or not! Could anything be more ludicrous than this upstart divine right?

Not that arbitrary government by Prime Ministers—those Grand Viziers of the West—is likely to be the real result of aggrandisement of the royal Prerogative. A century ago Paine ridiculed the Crown as a metaphor kept in the Tower. Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, describes it as the growing power of the future. Monarchy in capable hands is unlikely to allow itself to become what Napoleon called the "constitutional king", un cochon à l'engrais. But most people, especially newspapers, are the slaves of musty formulas and worn-out ideas. They think that arrangements which prescribe that the Commons vote the taxes and the Lords pay them, or that the Commons make the laws and the King *ainsi le veult*, can last for ever. If we are republicans in fact, let us have a republic. If we don't want one, King and Lords must have real functions, and fusty notions to the contrary will have to be revised.

#### CONSERVATISM IN THE CONSTITUENCIES.

NOW that another General Election seems imminent, it is essential for the Unionist party managers to take careful stock of their prospects. North of Trent, we shall be told by the pessimists, the chances of any appreciable change are practically hopeless. We do not believe it, and we hope the local leaders share our belief. Short though the time be, much can and ought to be done in the constituencies. Sometimes it seems as if our leaders had not yet fully realised how of late years the political centre of gravity has shifted from the House of

Commons to the very doorsteps of the people themselves. Platitude though it be to speak of the influence of the daily press, few politicians realise how much it has taught the people to turn from the wranglings of Parliament to discuss matters among themselves. The natural corollary to such a change is the increasing importance of the large public meetings addressed by party leaders. In Mr. Balfour the Unionist party have not only a keen and patriotic leader, but an asset of incalculable value for election purposes. Those of his followers who hear or read him in Parliament follow all he says with the keenest of appreciative interest, and even his strongest opponents acknowledge the force of a wonderful personality. But none of this reaches the people through whose agency only he can get his party back to power. We wish he could be seen and heard more in the country itself—Parliament is only a name to the ordinary voter, and however complete there his intellectual triumph, the mass of voters remains quite untouched. What applies to the commander applies equally to his lieutenants and the rank and file. Most of the Unionist members who are now so assiduously repeating the old stock arguments in Parliament would be far better employed in their own and their neighbours' constituencies, perfecting organisations and getting into closer touch with the people. The Government party have long ago recognised the value of a member's presence in his constituency, and the strong fillip the occasional visit of a Minister gives to local party feeling. So the Lord Advocate left the jury in court for the jury at large, Mr. Churchill scampered over the countryside, and Mr. Lloyd George stumped every county in England and Wales. They came to the people and they talked to them, and therein lay much of their success. Cannot the Unionist leaders do more in this way? It is always possible to bring back members to the House when necessary by efficient whipping, and in any case the Government cannot be beaten until the Irish choose. Government supporters have put down many lost seats to their being compelled to work the lobby machine while opponents were sapping the position in their absence. As years go by the people become more and more exacting in this personal aspect, and many a voter will not trouble to go to the poll for a man he has neither seen nor heard. He likes, also, to see the big men occasionally; it flatters his pride that he may criticise from personal experience. Unless the Unionist party recognise this change and meet it, their days of power will hardly come back.

But what of the constituencies themselves? What are the local leaders doing? One reads daily of candidate-choosing; but is anything more serious happening? The rank and file of Unionist voters are as keen and eager politicians as any Radical who preaches politics in chapel or stirs up strife against a kindly landlord. Yet they sadly lack a local lead. Potentially these leaders exist in every village, in every borough. Cannot they realise that the country is passing through one of the most important crises in its history, and that unless they step down and join vigorously in the fray all that we value in the stability of our Government may be hopelessly shaken out of gear? Most men have either leisure or money, some both. The worker gives freely and enthusiastically of all he has to offer—his leisure after a day's work—and yet with some of our local big-wigs if meetings and dinner conflict, dinner wins.

It is difficult to understand why the central office has not taken the question of money contributions seriously in hand. In every constituency throughout the country a vigorous committee should set about collecting money. Even to-day in many cases people desire to send in monetary help, and fail to do so simply because there is no adequate machinery for collection. Labour puts us to shame; its supporters collect every penny they spend, and consequently can choose the best candidate. Our committees too often prefer to exact monetary promises. They get the candidates they deserve, to the saving of local pockets it may be, but to the infinite damage of the cause in the long run. We go so far as to say that no candidate ought to be



required to keep up the local organisation and find any large proportion of his election expenses. Our supporters locally have the money, and they ought to subscribe. Until they do the Unionist party will continue to suffer under the all too prevalent sneer that their chief aim is to secure a candidate who will indirectly buy his election. The change can only be made by a strongly worded appeal from our leaders themselves, and we feel convinced that if such an appeal were distributed throughout the constituencies and taken in hand by influential people, the money collected would be ample for every purpose. We can speak from experience of several constituencies—once deemed unpromising—where energy has been stimulated and money obtained in quantity. Above all, the women must not be left out; they have as a rule much more leisure than men, and are frequently the keenest and most enthusiastic supporters the Unionist party has. When their interest and patriotism are aroused they give freely of their time and money. It is essential for the success of the party that our leaders should recognise the strong necessity of seeking out their followers and compelling their support.

#### LORD KITCHENER IN AUSTRALIA.

IN the eruption of speeches and the torrents of words which have deluged public life of late, Lord Kitchener's very weighty pronouncement on the needs and qualifications of a voluntary army has nearly gone under. Since he gave up the command in India, and before he took the shadowy one—and a very uncertain one—in the Mediterranean, he has been making an extensive tour in the British colonies, Japan and elsewhere. Whilst in Australia he made a thorough study of the military problem there, and at the request of the Dominion Government he has epitomised his impressions and recommendations in a report. This document is of exceptional interest, because the problems which he deals with are very similar to those of our own Territorial Army. Indeed, so pertinently do some of his criticisms apply to ourselves that we imagine he had the Territorial Army in his mind, as well as the Australian forces, when he wrote his memorandum. In parts it reads like a criticism of Mr. Haldane's plans; and what renders it of greater weight is the almost unique position amongst soldiers Lord Kitchener holds. It is true that his remarks on the value of an amateur army are no stronger than those which have over and over again been made by Lord Roberts and others. But it is the fashion nowadays, at any rate on the Government side, to regard Lord Roberts as an obsolete Victorian soldier. No such comment can be made on Lord Kitchener. He was in command of our forces during our last big operations, and since then he has been in command of our only force absolutely ready for war as it stands—the Indian Army. Moreover all admit he has vastly improved its organisation and readiness for war. So here, at any rate, we have the views of an up-to-date soldier, who has still active years to run, and whose utterances cannot be ignored.

Into the details of the scheme he has propounded we do not propose to enter very deeply; the principles to be derived therefrom are more important and bear more closely on our own problem. He assumes that the predominance of the Imperial Navy is assured, and that an occupation of any part of the British Empire can only be a temporary contingency. Given these conditions, he holds that the Commonwealth should have a peace establishment of eighty thousand men, composed of trained soldiers between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five. These would be augmented in time of war by the recruits under that age and men in their twenty-fifth to twenty-sixth years. But he lays down some principles which apply equally to our own Territorial Army. He tells us that he found excellent fighting material ready to hand, as he expected. But he qualifies this by saying that "excellent fighting material and the greatest zeal", although, of course, indispensable adjuncts to the creation of an army, are not in these days of themselves enough to enable a force to take

the field against thoroughly trained regular troops with any chance of success. This has been said so often that it may appear a platitude. Still it is a point which the military authorities have refused to consider when put by others. Let us hope that they will listen to Lord Kitchener, who clinches his argument by stating: "Success in any technical career can only be achieved after a thorough elementary grounding, and this is, perhaps, more marked in the military than in any other profession". This is, of course, the direct antithesis of what Mr. Haldane and other Government speakers maintain when they say that a force fit to meet a foreign invader can be composed of men who have only had an annual training of fourteen days and whose continuous period of training is only to begin when war is actually upon us. In fact it is assumed that the military profession is just the one in which efficiency can be attained by the amateur without effort and in his spare time. Equally sound are Lord Kitchener's remarks on the necessity of teaching men to walk before they can run. He tells us that he noticed there was a distinct tendency to go too fast and to neglect the essential preliminaries of training for more advanced work, which the troops concerned were not fitted to carry out. This is just what we are doing. This year the Territorials are to act in manoeuvres in their larger organisations. But the time would be more usefully employed by working them in squadrons and companies rather than in brigades. As matters now stand with us, this is perhaps inevitable. Owing to the voluntary nature of service in the Territorial forces, it is impossible to demand an initial period of continuous training; and yet something has to be done to show that the new brigade and divisional organisation is not a costly superfluity. Moreover it is felt that, if these forces are ever to take the field, matters must be hastened by their being brought out occasionally in brigades and divisions. We admit the difficulty in which the authorities find themselves. Still the exercise of these forces in large bodies can only prove a farce. There is but one remedy. Introduce a form of compulsion which would hit all classes alike, and then it would be possible to make the continuous period of training precede instead of follow the outbreak of war.

After reading Lord Kitchener's very sensible and unbiassed remarks, one regrets that Mr. Haldane has not had at his side a soldier of this calibre. He would have told him the truth, and would have kept him from committing himself to some of the fallacious platitudes he is so fond of uttering as to the value of a citizen army. Every soldier, except the military Vicars of Bray by whom Mr. Haldane is surrounded on the Army Council, realises that to place the safety of the country in the hands of such an insufficiently trained and disciplined body as the Territorials is foolhardy; that it encourages adventures on the part of other nations; and that it may have the paralysing effect of tying the Navy to our shores when it is wanted elsewhere. But we suppose the real truth is that no War Minister, neither Mr. Haldane nor a successor, would care to have so strong a personality as Lord Kitchener in immediate touch with Whitehall. He is not a man who would lend the authority of his name to any system of make-believe; and the man who battled successfully with Lord Curzon for what he believed to be right is one to be avoided and relegated to a dignified sinecure post in the Mediterranean. It remains to be seen, however, whether on his return home the ex-Commander-in-Chief in India will consent to be thus effaced. If he does, he will disappoint the opinions which many have formed of him. It will be a monstrous waste of a very valuable military asset.

#### RELIGIOUS TEACHING IN FRENCH SCHOOLS.

MUCH has been said and written about the manuals which are either given to French schoolmasters for their guidance and inspiration or handed to the children under their care for their instruction. Several of these books were denounced by name



in the pastoral letter of the French bishops issued last September, and considerable attention has been attracted to others. The defenders of the French Government argue either that these manuals are not in common use and that their names were hardly known until the bishops gave them so gratuitous an advertisement, or that their attacks are exclusively confined to the more obnoxious doctrines of Roman Catholicism and that they in no way assail the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. In cases such as this we prefer to avoid all forms of political controversy, not to argue either this way or that, but simply to quote some salient passages from the condemned manuals and then to ask our readers to form their own judgment whether such literature is or is not calculated to further the cause of religion or Christianity, to inspire schoolmasters with reverence for those doctrines which are commonly accepted by all Christian communities, or to inculcate in the rising generation of French children any positive religious principles.

Let us take first the "Leçons de Morale", by Albert Bayet (Cours Moyen. Paris: Cornely, 1909), which forms part of the course of primary instruction given to the children of France. The preface is perfectly straightforward: "La morale enseignée dans ce manuel est laïque et positive, c'est à dire indépendante de toute confession religieuse et de tout système métaphysique sur l'inconnaissable. . . . L'autorité des lois morales étant fondée sur ces faits" (facts simple enough to be understood by all children) "nous avons supprimé les chapitres relatifs à l'existence de Dieu et aux devoirs de l'homme envers Dieu." In this work morality, "la morale", takes the place of religion. We learn (page 6) that those who prefer "la morale" are happy, while those who refuse to listen to its teaching are unhappy. The main tendency of the book is agnostic; thus at page 150 we are told: "Nous ne savons pas scientifiquement si après la mort il y a une autre vie, dans laquelle les bons sont récompensés et les méchants punis, ou si au contraire après la mort il n'y a pas d'autre vie. Nous ne savons pas scientifiquement s'il existe un Dieu, ou si au contraire il n'y a pas de Dieu. . . . Toutes ces choses que l'homme ne connaît pas et ne peut pas connaître scientifiquement s'appellent les choses inconnaissables ou en un seul mot: l'Inconnaissable." Again, the same doctrines are taught at page 155: "Comme on ne peut pas savoir scientifiquement ce qu'il y aura après la mort les hommes ont essayé de le diviner et ils ont fait à ce sujet un grand nombre de suppositions. Les uns ont dit qu'après la mort il n'arrivait rien du tout." Then, on the following page: "Toutes les religions parlent de Dieu et de ce qui arrive après la mort; elles nous parlent donc de choses inconnaissables, de choses que nous sommes libres de croire, mais que nous ne pouvons pas savoir scientifiquement. C'est pourquoi nous avons le droit de choisir entre toutes ces religions celle qui nous plaît le plus, et si aucune d'elles ne nous plaît nous avons le droit de n'avoir aucune religion. Le droit d'avoir la religion qu'on veut ou de n'avoir aucune religion, s'appelle la liberté de conscience. La liberté de conscience est un droit absolu." Finally, at page 169: "Chacun de nous a le droit d'avoir une religion ou de ne pas en avoir. Chacun de nous a le droit d'honorer Dieu ou de croire que Dieu n'existe pas. Mais tous nous devons honorer et aimer les grands hommes, c'est à dire ceux qui par leur génie, leur travail et leur vertu ont rendu l'humanité plus heureuse." The same principles are also inculcated by Jules Payot, "La Morale à l'Ecole" (Armand Colin, 1908), whose agnosticism is decidedly less aggressive, although it is pronounced enough. Thus, at page 230 he says: "Aucune croyance sur Dieu, sur l'origine du monde, sur l'origine et la destinée de l'homme n'est acceptée par tous ceux qui pensent: nous ne pouvons faire sur ces questions que des suppositions" . . . "Que chacun soit libre de croire ou de ne pas croire." As he says in the preface, "Ce petit livre . . . regarde la vie en elle-même en dehors des hypothèses confessionnelles". The same author has also published a "Cours de Morale" for schoolmasters, in which he lays down the principles which

they ought to inculcate (page 233): "Devenir un agent volontaire de l'Energie Inconnaissable en voie d'évolution vers une conscience, vers une vie spirituelle de plus en plus intense, de plus en plus haute, de plus en plus universelle, voilà notre destinée, et notre bonheur sera proportionné à nos efforts pour la réaliser pleinement", but beyond these vague phrases he ignores all the teachings of Christianity. On another page he throws over all authority, even that of the Bible itself: "La soumission à une autorité: Bible, concile, ou pape, a été bienfaisante, lorsqu'en l'absence de méthodes scientifiques elle a empêché l'esprit humain de sombrer dans les superstitions les plus folles. Mais aujourd'hui que la Raison appuyée sur les méthodes peut faire sa propre police, cette soumission ne paraît pas sans préjudice pour la liberté de l'esprit et pour le plein développement de l'intelligence, car elle nous empêche de mettre au premier rang de nos préoccupations la recherche désintéressée de la vérité. . . . Quant à la croyance au surnaturel, elle porte atteinte à l'éducation du sens de la causalité déjà lent à s'éveiller". . . . "Aussi la croyance au surnaturel, qui théoriquement est une doctrine du néant, est-elle dangereuse en éducation, car elle risque de perdre à l'esprit son contact avec la réalité." The same may also be said of the historical manuals. To cite one only, "L'Histoire de France", by Aulard et Debidour, Cours Supérieur, pages 21, 22, mentions "Depuis longtemps des agitateurs qu'on regardait comme des prophètes"; and, talking of Christ, says: "Après sa mort ses disciples racontèrent qu'il était ressuscité, le représentèrent comme né d'une vierge et non seulement comme fils de Dieu mais comme Dieu lui-même". Many other quotations might be made, but enough has been said to show the general tendencies of the literature under the influence of which French children are gradually losing all conception of Christianity. These quotations are bad enough. It would be easy to give far worse quotations from manuals such as Bouniol et Behr's "Cours Moyen et Supérieur de l'Histoire de France", which says: "Lorsque parut un pauvre charpentier nommé Jésus beaucoup de Juifs pensèrent qu'il était Dieu" (page 19); and then proceeds to argue that his mild and sublime morality had but little success, for after twenty centuries of Christianity "nos idées morales ne sont pas plus belles que celles des Egyptiens"; or from Primaire's "Manuel d'Education, Cours Moyen et Supérieur", which argues (page 295): "Le vrai culte que les croyants doivent à leur Dieu ne consiste pas en prières (souvent égoïstes) dites du bout des lèvres, ni en pratiques religieuses toutes machinales: l'Etre Suprême leur demande avant tout la perfection morale, c'est la droiture, la bonté, la vertu. . . . là est la religion supérieure à toutes les autres." In addition to these we might quote from classical manuals which have purposely eliminated all mention of God from their quotations from French authors of repute; but it might possibly be argued that these works are not in such common use as are Bayet, Payot or Aulard et Debidour.

In the face of these facts, which can be verified by those who care to investigate the matter to the bottom, all further argument is needless. Suffice it to say that such are the manuals that are now either supplied to the schoolmasters of France for their guidance or to the children of France for their instruction. We do not wish to labour the point one way or the other, but simply to ask our readers to determine for themselves what effect such literature must have upon the minds of young children, and what prospect there is that these children when they grow up will have any positive religious belief whatever, whether Protestant or Catholic. We do not admire the superficial Christianity which finds favour in some of our Board schools; but its teachings are certainly far more positive and definite than those which are inculcated in the manuals that we have quoted. It is certainly a mistake to assert in the face of these facts that only one form of Christianity is assailed in the schools throughout France when we find every one of those fundamental doctrines which are generally regarded as forming part of

"simple Bible teaching" treated as equally questionable and as equally opposed to the teachings of reason and of morality.

### THE CITY.

THE break in the rubber market need cause no anxiety to the holders of the good producing companies' shares: their prospects are not impaired and their market position is materially strengthened by the weeding-out of the small and financially weak speculator. Mincing Lane has no fears as to the maintenance of the price of rubber, and, holding this view, is prepared to take all the good shares that are offered in the Stock Exchange. The slump will have served a useful purpose if it makes people more careful in their purchases. In the débâcle there was never any difficulty in finding buyers for such shares as Linggis, Selangors, Vallombrosa, etc.; it was only the shares of recently formed companies whose prices had been inflated to five and six times their actual value, that the seller found difficulty in selling.

The experience of the last few days should be a lesson to those who buy shares without regard to intrinsic merits. We heard of one lady deep in rubber speculations whose purchases were confined to shares with the most unpronounceable names, her argument being that these must be good because promoters could not afford to run the risk of putting bad properties on the market without making the titles smooth to the tongue! So far as the Stock Exchange as a body is concerned it may congratulate itself that the slump has come several days before, and not on the eve of, the "Account". Brokers and dealers have time to adjust their books and to make all the necessary arrangements with their clients. In the old days of the Kafir "booms" the "slumps" were generally arranged about option time, and "there was the devil to pay". Certain brokers have very wisely refused to open any more speculative commitments for clients for the time being. This is a good move, and if steadily pursued by others will soon restore the equilibrium of the market. Especially is it imperative to discourage speculative dealings in shares for special settlement.

The promoter is evidently not frightened by the break in the market. It is almost impossible for the chronicler to keep pace with the flood of new issues. Some of these we have no hesitation in describing as unqualified swindles. They will never return a half-penny to shareholders. As, however, all the prospectuses are framed alike, it is difficult for the novice to choose between the good and the bad. Carey Street will be the ultimate destination of scores of these companies. It is the penalty of the "get rich quick" policy. Everyone wants to make money, and the success of a few stirs the avarice of others. There never was such a craze as this rubber-share speculation. It was time something happened to damp enthusiasm. One's nerves get overwrought with the continual repetition of "rubber" heard in every house and street and railway carriage. And yet we believe that we are only at the beginning of the speculation. Rubber must rise further; of that we feel certain. Supplies are still a long way behind demands, and if it be true, as is reported, that the Amazon has risen to an abnormal height, and that the native workers are obliged to abandon their homes and trek from the fields of their labour, a serious check will be put upon the output of Para.

While the public have been neglecting Kaffirs and Rhodesians the "shops" have been quarrelling amongst themselves, to the great detriment of the market. Trouble and jealousy seem to have arisen over the flotation of the latest Shamva issue, the apportionment of the shares being the point in dispute. On Wednesday night things looked very black. Thursday, however, saw a lifting of the cloud. A meeting of the representative "shops" was held in the morning, and after a prolonged sitting, which must have provided scope for some powerful language, matters were patched up and a semblance of strength given to the market. It is disheartening to the mining speculator that such things should happen, and it is not a

good advertisement for the market. The real investor may still buy such shares as Gold Fields, Gold Mines Investment, South African Gold Trust, Transvaal Gold Mining Estates, and Oceana.

The prospectus of Aviation Investment and Research, Limited, a company which proposes to take aeroplane finance and invention under the wing of several expert committees, will be issued on Monday. If the future of the flying machine in any way equals anticipation, there should be plenty of scope for a well-directed enterprise of this sort.

### INSURANCE.

#### EQUITY AND LAW LIFE.

THE bonus report of the Equity and Law Life Assurance Society for 1909 shows a very considerable improvement when compared with the profits distributed at the last two or three valuations. We are careful to say that the bonus results show a considerable improvement, because although the reserves have been strengthened they have long been so superlatively strong that any great change in this respect is not to be expected, nor is it necessary or desirable. The assurances are valued on the basis of interest at the rate of  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. per annum, and the annuities at 3 per cent. The new British Offices Mortality Tables are employed throughout. The report states that the funds are earning interest at about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. in excess of the rate assumed, which gives a substantial contribution to surplus, and that favourable mortality experience has been a marked feature of the society in the past. For this the office is greatly indebted to its late and famous medical examiner, and no doubt the extreme care with which this very cautious office deals with everything is being maintained in the all-important matter of the selection of lives. A further source of profit is that the expenditure falls substantially short of the amount provided for.

It has become a commonplace during recent years to say that the profits of life offices would have been larger but for the necessity of writing down Stock Exchange securities to the market price at the date of the valuation. The society suffered in this way to the extent of £87,500, which, however, is not very serious as things go, considering that the life assurance fund exceeds £4,500,000; still this sum would have made a welcome addition to the surplus. The policyholders received £479,451; the shareholders, who are entitled to one-tenth of the surplus, received £53,272; and the sum of £31,313 is retained as a special reserve.

The bonus system of the Equity and Law allots the surplus to policyholders by the method of giving policies a proportion of the premiums paid during the valuation period, and then giving a further bonus to policies that have been in force for more than five years in respect of interest realised in excess of the rate assumed in the calculations. The cash values of these bonuses are then converted into reversionary additions. Doubtless there is a substantial fairness about this method, but it lacks the simplicity of the uniform reversionary bonus plan, and makes comparison with other offices rather less easy. We sometimes wonder whether good companies do not lose a good deal of business through methods of bonus distribution which are not readily intelligible to the general public. In times past the Equity and Law gave extraordinary results, and for almost all policies was unequalled by any other office. Then there came a change; while it remained in quite the front rank for security, its bonuses fell short of what might have been expected from a company valuing on a  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. basis. Certain it is that the profits became not only vastly less than had been declared in previous years, but smaller than those of many other offices. The present bonus results show a welcome rise compared with five years ago. The increase varies with age at entry and duration of policy, but for whole-life assurances it seems to average an improvement of from 20 to 30 per cent. This is of good promise for the future; but at the same time the bonuses have declined from those of twenty years ago, when the results were



more than 50 per cent. better than are declared on the present occasion.

The Equity and Law claims, with justice, to have been one of the first offices to emphasise the attractions of endowment assurance policies, and this form of assurance constitutes a large proportion of the total assurances it has in force. According to the specimen bonuses on endowment assurances given in the report scarcely any of them at maturity would yield the equivalent of a simple reversionary addition at the rate of £2 per cent. per annum which can be obtained elsewhere at a lower rate of premium than is charged by the Equity and Law.

The society is, in fact, somewhat of a puzzle. Its financial position is very strong: its connexions are extremely valuable, and it appears to make good profits from reversions and life interests in which it has much money invested; its business is managed very economically, and yet, when put to the test of actual results to policyholders, some of the best offices—and the Equity and Law cannot be compared with any but the best—show returns which are distinctly superior to those of this society.

#### "THE MILLENNIUM."

THE idea occurred to the honorary secretary one night as he lay awake, and it is to be the star item of this year's Naval and Military Tournament. So much we learn from a document obtained direct from the Tournament office in Victoria Street. Even so, belief is difficult. The word "millennium", explains the secretary, is derived from the Latin mille (a thousand) and annus (a year); and the term itself is specifically founded on a particular passage in the Apocalypse. The full title of the display will be "The Millennium; Peace and Good-will among Nations", taking as its motto the famous lines:

"No war or battles' sound  
Was heard the world around",

which lines, as you possibly know, concludes the secretary, were written by John Milton.

The Naval and Military Tournament opens at Olympia on 16 May. This Tournament—pleasing the British public which, happily, delights in soldiers—has in time past been something of a success. This year "special attention is being paid to the musical side"; and two fine odes have been composed for the occasion. Odes to Ares? Hymns to Bellona? That would be too obvious. Not to such poor purpose does an honorary secretary lie awake in bed. No: there is to be a Peace Song and a Peace Hymn; and they are to be sung by the soldiers. The Peace Hymn is to be the climax of the display. The troops will throw down their arms; and this is the first verse:

"Now dawns a new and brighter day,  
The clash of combat dies away,  
The order speeds from shore to shore—  
'The nations shall learn war no more'."

(See Isaiah ii. 4.)

Such is the Millennium.

This document has apparently been issued in all seriousness. But the thing will break down somewhere. We agree with Fluellen, learned in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans: discipline ought to be used. Yet we would not be shocked if the sixty Coldstream Guards, told off to play the band on this occasion, broke into flat mutiny. Will there not be found one man of humour, with some self-respect as a soldier, to revolt against the humiliation of being made a fool of in the public eye? Or supposing military discipline stand the strain—surely as hard as it could well endure (perhaps the whole show has been devised as an exercise in discipline)—will the spectators stand it? If the Millennium goes through successfully, one thing is certain. We can no more boast a national sense of humour. But the thing is not conceivable. Something must go wrong somewhere. We need not be Prussians to feel that a crude farce into

which members of the imperial Services are pressed is not, even as a joke, altogether in good taste.

As for the honorary secretary who conceived the idea, the first chaplain who composed the odes, the lieutenant and musical bachelor who will conduct the band, and all those in any way connected with the inauguration and stage-management of this concern, we are at a loss to see what they have in mind. They may, of course, be genuine in their zeal for the millennium, and so ready to cover themselves with ridicule in a good cause. Or perhaps the honorary secretary has in mind the ancient tag: *si vis pacem, para bellum*; and sees a classic fitness of the project with the occasion. He is evidently read in the classics. Has he not explained that "millennium" is derived from mille (a thousand) and annus (a year)? If this is really his idea, he should make it more obvious; and, even so, it is hard on the soldier, asking him to sing himself out of a job. The only other explanation that occurs is that the secretary and his colleagues are tired of the whole thing and are resolved that the thirty-first Tournament shall also be the last. The last it will be if they hold to this Millennium nonsense. We do not make an idol of the average man, but he is quite able to burst out laughing at the sight of four hundred warriors, accompanied by a band of the Coldstream Guards, singing a Peace Hymn as the "climax" to a military display. Has the Peace and Arbitration Society, he will ask, or The Hague Conference, or the Humanitarian League, or any other faddist fools taken over the show? It is a pity that the Tournament is bent upon killing itself. It has grown familiar to us, and it is painful to contemplate its extinction in the guffaws of a bank-holiday crowd. It would be sadder still if the crowd took it seriously. But the crowd will not do that; the crowd is not made up of honorary secretaries of Military Tournaments.

#### IN AN AUCTION-ROOM.

FOR a modest form of sensation, which may be enjoyed with regularity and respectability, which, except in flagrant cases, is not likely to lead to the courts, though it may be frowned upon by wives, we would recommend the auction-room. You must ride a hobby of sorts, whether postage stamps or pictures, Greek coins or British lepidoptera, porcelain or ivories; you must take one line and obtain a sufficient knowledge of it to give edge to your desires. Then you must not be rich, at least not so rich relatively to the objects of your pursuit as to make you reckless of the extent to which you indulge your fancy for any particular lot. In order to get up the real tension you must go to a sale knowing that your outlay needs to be strictly limited, aware that you can buy but little of what you are sure to want and that only a turn of luck will obtain perhaps the most passionately desired thing of all. The wealthy man who needs not count the cost of his collection knows none of the excitements of the auction-room; he may have the pleasure of finding what he has long been looking for or of securing a bargain; we may also allow him the enjoyment of his purchases when they come home; but he has no part in that two minutes' fever while the auctioneer's hammer is still poised and Fate has not yet knocked.

With what rage do you find yourself up against such a man of wealth—in all that catalogued abundance why should he want your one ewe lamb? You bid on past the price you had set down as proper, up to and beyond your uttermost limit, and still he nods on indifferently. The hammer falls, and you feel some satisfaction at having made him pay, but more indignation that he has exceeded the decent market price for which you were prepared; he has humiliated you by rendering your presumably superior taste and knowledge of no avail. Had the contest been with a man of your own calibre you would not have minded; you would have respected his courage because you know that to him it has been what Mr. Thomas Traddles called "a tooth out"; moreover, he has become the weaker for another struggle.



To enjoy the auction game properly it is almost essential that your hobby shall be one that is not too much in the hands of the dealers. The great picture buyers have many sound reasons for putting their purchases into commission; it is safer so, and when the bids are soaring among the thousands it is well to keep all possibility of personal feeling out of the encounter, but as a result the historic picture fights leave us cold. The room is big, the mere lookers-on are so numerous that the bidders often remain undiscoverable, only the calls of the auctioneer tell you how the tide is rising; doubtless the members of the inner ring find it human enough, but the outsider can only admire the pictures and gape at the prices. How much more "intimate" is a book-collectors' gathering or a sale of prints; men nod to their friends across the narrow tables and take counsel with the dealers (there must be dealers, or who would maintain the prices of your own collection when it comes to the hammer?), all is friendly gossip until the auctioneer takes his seat. Then you unfold your catalogue and renew the feeling with which you used to take up a fateful examination paper. The neighbour who thus confided his emotions to us had indeed so triumphed over examination papers that such posthumous generosity towards them is easily understood. But the examination now is only in self-control and good temper.

The mood in which you approach a sale depends in the first place on whether you are a collector or not; of course in a sense every regular buyer is a collector, but some men are specially so, because they view their subject systematically and as it were on a finite plan, which requires a type specimen to represent each section or school. Postage stamps, coins, books, natural history specimens, admit of little other treatment, so that the collector's consideration of a given sale is much simplified, for he can confine his attention to filling up as many of the gaps in his set as his pocket will allow, knowing also in advance within pretty close limits what the prices ought to be. But with objects of art a good many other factors come into play: mere rarity is still an element in determining value, but the artist now impresses himself, because many men buy the name and not the thing. Above all, beauty forms the new and incalculable element, for its appeal is so individual and personal. Condition and preservation tell, of course, in all cases. One kind of buyer is indeed indifferent to condition and heeds little the imperfection of the medium if only the beauty be patent; the pot may be cracked, the ivory may lack a limb or the print a margin, the drawing may lurk beneath a coat of dirt: he will forgive all for a hint of the divine. Another type of buyer cares only for what is cheap: he does not trouble about the big things except perhaps to make the running while the eventual contestants are hanging back for the others to begin; his desires lie in the direction of quantity. Of opposite temperament is the man who will only buy perfect pieces, in which meet all the desiderata of rarity, beauty, and condition; this man knows exactly what he wants and will pass piece after piece that is not quite up to his standard, firm in his faith that "There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world". His catalogue contains few or no marks, he lets many beautiful and desirable things go by; his

"the calm eye that seeks  
'Mid all this huddling silver little worth  
The one thin piece that comes, pure gold; he waits".  
Whether this man succeeds or remains empty-handed with his virtue, he at least avoids that chill of disillusionment which comes when you have got your purchases home and the last wrapper falls off the thing you only bought because you rather liked it.

Some men buy on system; they appraise every item beforehand and fix rigorous limits to their bids; others merely mark off what they like and trust to the inspiration of the moment to decide whether they shall venture or how far they will go. Of course the first plan is the proper—nay, the only—one for the perfectly regulated man, but that dull person rarely keeps such a weakness as a hobby. Also there are sales containing

no particular item which makes you feel you must possess it whatever comes or goes; to such sales you may go as a free lance, ready for anything desirable that turns up cheaply.

In their style of bidding also men show great differences; some like to bid only the necessary once, they wait until the contest is exhausted and the last man is expecting the hammer to fall on what he thinks is the winning bid. This plan may or may not provoke a bitter fight, for if some men are unbreathed and decline the new challenge others resent the intrusion and spend freely rather than give in. Moreover, if you disclose yourself early others may draw back out of friendliness, or knowing that you are a determined fellow when you begin. Some men like to keep on capping the last bid with a minimum rise; an occasional move is to spring the price suddenly from a low stage to something near the proper figure. This declares the plane on which you mean to fight and is often effective in frightening off dabblers who might have been drawn on to greater heights had the bidding mounted by degrees. But, after all, there is little scope in the auction-room for the poker player; it is the initial decision what to go for and how far to go which determines the success of your afternoon's pastime. If you have the true flair you may make it really profitable, if you have only common sense you will get your measure of sensations for nothing and in the end recover your capital, though you will have had to take out the interest in the current enjoyment of your collection. You might well have bought a few hours' entertainment much more wastefully; but as no joy is complete without its pain, you will often obtain that complementary sensation when later you come to contemplate your bank book.

#### THE MUSIC OF A PAGEANT.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

A MOST amiable and friendly circular has reached this office from the Press Department of the "Festival of Empire" which is to take place this summer at the Crystal Palace. The editor of this REVIEW has handed it to me, and I have pleasure in declaring it to be a handsome and generous-spirited type-written document. From it all men may learn that a Pageant of London will form the central feature of the festival, and glowing details are given concerning the music, which will make an important, if not the central, item of the pageant. Only a fool would scoff at the notion of serious composers providing music for a kind of circus show; and I, desiring not to be thought a fool, hail with sincere joy the announcement that men such as Mr. Holbrooke, Mr. W. H. Bell, and others have not held back. There are plenty of reasons for considering this one of the very best things that could happen for English music. Let me roughly outline a few.

Let us remember first the case of the composers of old time, of all the composers until the arrival of Richard Wagner and Berlioz. They all wrote for special occasions—or, at any rate, with the moral certainty of their music being promptly performed and heard. Such a thing as sitting down to write music merely for the fun of the thing never was dreamed of. The mighty contrapuntists of the Low Countries, Palestrina in Italy, and Byrde, Tallis, White and Philips in England, composed masses and motets to be sung, so to say, next Sunday, or at latest the Sunday after. The bulk of Purcell's music consists of cantatas for festivals of one sort or another, anthems for special services, and incidental pieces written for the revival of old plays or the production of new ones. It may be doubted whether Haydn ever composed anything that was not wanted at once. Mozart, when about to create a fresh opera, used to settle down near the theatre where it was to be first played, so keenly aware was he of the value of knowing the stage, the singers and the orchestra he had to compose for. Until the middle of his life Beethoven's bigger works were intended for performance on dates which were sometimes fixed well ahead, and sometimes not.

far enough ahead. To go back again a little, did Handel ever write a work without knowing precisely what was to become of it? Bach's church music was composed as it was needed; and, though he left behind him an immense mass of instrumental stuff of whose history we know next to nothing, that does not upset my contention, and moreover I suspect it was required for his own use or that of his pupils.

That this plan, the plan of setting down compositions just as there happened to be a demand for them, had not its drawbacks, and serious drawbacks, is a statement I should not think of making. On the contrary, my belief is that in many instances very poor twaddle was brought out by very great men, simply because they were forced to write against time or when the right mood was not on them. Yet, on the whole, seeing that only a certain amount of consummate work can be expected of any man, it appears to me that the old method was the best possible for obtaining out of any composer the greatest possible amount of the highest-level work. They had to come to the point at once (I should like to underline the words)—they dared not drift and meander on as young poets do when they write for "themselves alone", and afterwards unload their achievements on a market which won't buy and a public which won't read. The training was invaluable: nothing else has ever proved serviceable as a substitute for it. Handel in his youth wrote "interminable cantatas" (so Mattheson says), but ere he had worked long for princes, or electors, or the public, he learned to be concise—as I have just said, to come to the point. Bach's early works are diffuse, too lengthy in proportion to what he had to say, compared with the "unapproachable" masterworks he set down after he had been chastened and drilled by having to write music at short notice—music which, further, had to please the ears of his listeners then or never. Supposing Holbrooke or Bantock could have gone through the drilling received by a Bach or a Handel, their music would be ten times as concentrated as anything they have yet written.

Leaving them and their case, however, for a moment, let us glance at the procedure of Wagner and Berlioz. Both wrote for imaginary sets of performers. Still, Wagner, when he composed "The Forbidden Love", had a definite stage, orchestra and group of artists in his mind; and when he had half-written "Rienzi", intended for Paris, he perceived the futility of writing, so to speak, in the abstract, and set off for Paris to make acquaintance with the conditions in which he thought that opera would be produced. Even when he was engaged on that maddest of all mad schemes, the gigantic "Ring", that impracticable opera-cycle which has proved sufficiently practicable to bring a fortune into the pockets of the Wagner family—even then, as his letters to Liszt show, he had a very clear idea of the conditions he was writing for. He never composed without making a distinct forecast, even though it might be a wrong one, of the first performance of his work. The case of Berlioz is not so very dissimilar in essentials: the entire difference lies in this, that Wagner's schemes came off and most of Berlioz' schemes did not. When Berlioz was writing he felt as sure that his music would be heard under the conditions he thought of as Mozart, creating "Don Giovanni", felt that his work would be heard with the means he had found were at his service. Mozart and Wagner were more or less right: Berlioz turned out to be wrong. It was his misfortune, not his fault, that most of his contemporaries, like most of the succeeding generations, did not like his dull and dry music.

Even Berlioz and Wagner stand in marked contrast to the younger composers of this day. Most of the achievements of the young English school have been perpetrated without any idea of there ever being a performance at all. As Mr. Davey in his "History of English Music" some fifteen years ago pointed out, an English composer writing in England then had nothing to hope for in the shape of performances save perhaps a chance rendering of some unimportant or at least easy piece by the late Sir August Manns at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Ernest Walker in his very able "History of Music in England" virtually said

the same thing. All our young men have been manufacturing abstract exercises, pieces of music having no more to do with the British public than quaternions, surds and other funny bits of mathematics have. Our young men have delighted to kick in the void their unluminous heels in vain. No musician has yet written music "for himself alone", which was at the same time music that has appealed to later generations, unless he has first gone through the training of writing for an immediate and critical audience. All our cheerful young men need to be brought to the point; in all their music there is far too much drivelling and drifting.

Therefore I congratulate the gentlemen who are engaged in writing for this Crystal Palace show on their luck. They will be compelled to come to the point. Frankly I do not know who the Mr. Vaughan Williams may be who "has already sent in some charming music for the scene of 'Merrie England'". But I hope his music will show some tokens of being really inspired by the vision of England as we imagine it was in the olden time—fresh, green, unpolluted by smoke and counterpoint. Mr. Bell I cannot regard as a highly gifted creative musician. He is to compose some of the things that are wanted as an accompaniment to a scene called "The Age of Chivalry", which sounds a little cheap. But something may be done with it if Mr. Bell avoids the heroic style of Sullivan's very tedious "Ivanhoe". Miss Nellie Chaplin has something to write, and Mr. William Wallace, surely the driest of all composers amongst the living or the dead, has something else to write; and if they do not turn out some music on this occasion which is thoroughly English, if only in its dullness, I shall feel ashamed of them. This delightful prospectus states that there was great difficulty in settling one point. What was the music of the pre-historic Britons like? When confronted with such conundrums it is well to be candid, and I cheerfully admit that I don't know. But instead of entrusting the strains which are to accompany "Early London" to Mr. Tapp, of Bath, why not have taken a few pure and sparkling gems from the oratorios of the Academics who flourished until about ten years ago? Sir Charles Stanford is still alive; I believe Sir Hubert Parry and Sir Alexander Mackenzie are; and if their permission could be obtained, their music would surely sound old-fashioned enough! But my brain seems to be confused by this profound problem. I have always denounced the pious or profane strains of these gentlemen as too respectable. It is quite possible that a number out of "King Saul" or "The Rose of Sharon" would conjure up an image of an ancient Briton clad only in a few patches of woad, a silk hat and a pair of yellow kid gloves—and this might be considered lacking in historical verisimilitude.

One terrible danger lies ahead for the composers for this great event. They will be asked to write, tempted to write, coerced to write antiquarian music. It is hardly likely that a modern Committee, with its acquired wisdom and stupidity, will pass music written as Purcell wrote his, sincerely and without self-consciousness: the Committee will for a certainty demand an old-world quality, or what the too-learned ladies and gentlemen who invariably make up such a Committee consider an old-world quality. A bogus kind of old-world atmosphere has been "pulled off" once or twice by the writer of comic operas known as Mr. German, and I hope most devoutly that he will have no say in this affair. Mr. Edward German is a genuine enough musician. I would not impeach his artistic integrity. But he has all to learn about England and the history of England that cannot be learned out of the history-books; and it will be a matter for weeping if the music written by himself and the men of this, the younger, generation is allowed to fall to the level of the "Henry VIII." dances. They were pretty, but not English; perhaps graceful, but not really of the old world.

"The whole scheme", says the prospectus, "has benefited exceedingly by the advice of such eminent men as Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Walter Parratt, Mr. Barclay Squire (of the British Museum), Mr. Frederick Corder and other representative musicians and his-



torians". This statement sets one marvelling. What an extraordinary thing a Committee is, and what wonderful things it will do! This Committee engages young men to write music, and then asks some of the least distinguished and most backward of the gang whose power is now wrecked to look after the young men. I should be very sorry to submit my music for the approval or advice of Sir W. Parratt, Mr. Corder, or Mr. B. Squire—"of the British Museum".

### A TROPICAL ISLAND.

By FILSON YOUNG.

#### III.—THE PEOPLE OF THE ISLAND.

BEFORE I take you any deeper into Trinidad it will be as well to give some account of how its population, now close on four hundred thousand, is made up. The first thing that one has to grasp and remember is that there is no true native race here or anywhere in the West Indies. For these are islands without a people of their own, inhabited by aliens, nourishing foreigners and strangers. Although the business of birth goes on here as busily as anywhere else, the people who are born are not the island's own people. They have all departed—departed in that dreadful wave of blood and cruelty that swept over all the West Indies in the early days of the Spanish occupation, when the native races, gentle, fine-tempered and innocent, were enslaved and then exterminated in the process of a colonisation in which the cross and the sword were never separated. What exactly these original inhabitants were is not certainly known; but from the facial characteristics that can still be observed in a few remote districts of Trinidad and other islands where some traces of the original stock remain, it would appear that they were of a Mongolian type, which had crossed over from the mainland and gradually spread among the islands. Their place is now occupied by the African negro, who takes kindly to any land where there is sun enough and soil enough to make life pleasant and easy; and to all intents and purposes he is now the native of the West Indies.

But in Trinidad another and more interesting and human element is present in the large coolie population, imported under indentures to supplement the negro population and share with them the agricultural labour for which in that climate white men are totally unfitted. There is a labouring population in Trinidad of some three hundred thousand, and of these about one half are East Indians. The colony has agents in India, and every year one or two shiploads are collected and despatched to Trinidad. They first spend a few days in the pleasant, leafy quarantine island in the Bay, where they are medically examined and allotted to the various planters who have applied for their services. In making the allotments due regard is paid to their own wishes as to association; families and relations and friends coming from the same village in India are sent together to the same estate in Trinidad. Thus little pieces of India are established there, with villages and rude temples half hidden in the shade of the cocoa plantations; so that in this new foreign world the time for which they have contracted passes pleasantly enough. And the strangers, with their handsome faces, spare, lithe forms, and gay and beautiful attire, add colour and charm to human life there, and temper the crude barbarities of negro life with the dignities of an ancient civilisation. In the hills the negroes alone are strong enough for the severe labour that is necessary where the cocoa is planted on steep slopes and high, mountainous ground; but on the low and level lands the coolies do well, and under an intelligent and protecting Government live at peace and save money. Some of them settle in the island, many remain far longer than the original period of their indenture; and most of those who return to India return rich, to live out the remainder of their lives in a land where Trinidad is nothing but a dream and a memory.

I shall have more to say about the coloured population of the island; in the meantime there is something

to be observed about the whites. Trinidad is a fine example of the ascendancy of minorities. At least three-fourths of the population of the island are blacks; they naturally are at the bottom of the scale and do the work of the land. Of the remaining whites, the great majority are of Spanish and French blood; they are the planters, the owners of estates, the inheritors of the island wealth. In absolute minority are the English, who are nevertheless the predominant and governing race; and last of all comes the Crown, represented by the Governor and a handful of expert officials; the officials govern the island and all that it contains; and to the English Crown, the minority of one, belongs the whole. Here you have a Crown Colony in its purest form, and it would not be easy to find a better example of such government than is afforded by Trinidad. No doubt the natural wealth of the island helps in the smooth running of the machine; plenty of money is forthcoming for improvement and development; the country supports itself; but the form of government has undoubtedly much to do with the efficient way in which things are managed. The minimum of time is wasted in talk and debate. The island is governed by an extremely small Executive Council consisting of half a dozen officials who have no axes to grind, but are concerned merely with the efficient running of their own departments; and even the Legislative Council, the advising body, consists only of nominated members. There is no election, and its members are thus all directly representative of the governing power. And in Trinidad, you must remember, you have a population most wisely anxious not to govern themselves but to be efficiently governed—one of the rights and privileges of man which in these days is too often lost sight of. The agricultural East Indian has no political ambitions; even the educated negro, to do him justice, prefers to get his governing done for him by people of experience and competence in that capacity; and the French and Spanish Creoles have too long breathed that languid air, have learned too thoroughly the lesson of the burning sun, to put themselves about over a task which the strangely energetic English are willing to perform. And in spite of what you may sometimes hear to the contrary, everyone is really satisfied.

I have used the word "Creole"; and as I shall have a good deal to say about the Creoles I had better begin by presuming on the part of at least some among my readers the usual degree of ignorance as to the exact meaning of that word. To the average Englishman I imagine it conjures up a vision of a dark and beautiful woman gloriously apparelled, and with a large proportion of coloured blood in her veins. It is necessary to get that idea out of one's head at the very beginning, as it is a wholly mistaken one. The first and essential claim to the title of Creole is that one should be of the purest European blood; the second, as far as the West Indies are concerned, is that one should be a native of the islands. If Queen Victoria had happened to be in Trinidad when her eldest son was born, King Edward would be a Creole. The word simply applies to two things—parentage and birth. You may be an English Creole, a French Creole, or a Spanish Creole; but you cannot be a Creole if you are born in England or France or Spain, even though your ancestors had been born and bred in the West Indies for generations. The one thing which is impossible in a true Creole is exactly what the ignorant think the word implies—that is, the least suggestion of negro blood. Please remember, then, that the true Creoles are as white as you are, and that those of the upper classes have nearly all been educated in France or England; and that if you meet one in a London drawing-room, and expect veils and nose-rings and a jangle of barbaric jewels, you will be grievously disappointed. They are just ordinary ladies and gentlemen, a little paler than you because, living in the tropics, they have not been so much under the open sky; citizens also of the British Empire, and loyal subjects of King Edward, although sometimes they can only speak French or Spanish.

The French Creoles, who are in the majority, are indeed the typical inhabitants of Trinidad. They seem more characteristic of it, of its beauty and isolation and



charm, than any of the other groups. But for their religion they would have lost almost all the characteristics of the French; but the faith which enshrines and preserves so many qualities that but for its protection would not withstand the alterative action of time and place preserves in them traces of their original country. Of course they speak French perfectly and, among themselves, habitually; but then they speak English also perfectly, and with the accent of the colonial English; most of them are, in fact, naturally bi-lingual. They are thus typical of the strange harmonious confusion of races that exists in the island; of a foreign people, of an alien religion, and thinking their thoughts in a foreign language, they are yet entirely English in sympathy, and sometimes more English than the English. By that I do not mean that they are Anglo-maniacs, as certain Americans are; that is an entirely foreign attitude; they are English with a quiet sense of possession, of inheritance, of secure understanding which, when one comes to think of it, is strange enough. And as far as their ways are not our ways nor their thoughts our thoughts is only so far as the East is from the West, or, rather, as London is from Port-of-Spain. And that is about three thousand five hundred miles; or, measured another way, they are two thousand five hundred miles nearer the sun than we are; or, measured still another way, they lie some fourteen days of time away from us; and it is these things, as much as race and religion, that make communities of people different from one another, even though in heart and mind they are woven into the same band of brotherhood.

(To be continued.)

#### IN ARCADY.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

I.—FOX AND PHEASANT.

FOR years there had been a feud between the two ruling families of that beautiful remote district of England, the Wodiam Hundred, Whig Townhouses and Tory Beaurepark. They were the great territorialists of the district, the other county families being county families. Whig Townhouses were there at the Restoration; Beaurepark, according to Dr. Parchment (the retired London specialist who for a hobby studied the botany and the family trees of Wodiam) in Henry the Third's reign. Whig however was stronger, if Tory were longer. It had great merchant interests and dealt in national loans; in numbers too it was very powerful, some branch of it being posted here, there, everywhere through that countryside. It was even over-energetic for its own entire happiness, and one lady in that great family told me in a moment of exquisite confidence—"The truth is, the Townhouses are too thick about here".

At the time in question the feud between not the various rival members of Townhouse but between the head of Townhouse and the head of Beaurepark might have been expressed in terms of game. Both the Townhouses and Beaurepark were the best of landlords. They were considerate in all questions of rent. They built roomy cottages for the working men and supplied good gardens and allotments. They troubled not at all about rabbits. But one family was very particular about the foxes, and the other about the pheasants. We may forget sometimes whether Whig was the fox and Tory the pheasant or Tory the fox and Whig the pheasant. But I believe the Whig was the fox. Townhouse did not care a rap about shooting—it loved the hunt. Beaurepark did not care a rap about hunting—it loved the shoot. With one it was the sacred beast, with the other it was the sacred bird.

The whole working countryside split into two factions, and when a worker or a farmer was turned off by the pheasants he was usually taken on by the foxes; and the reverse. It went on thus for years. A famous example was that of Wirem, one of the largest farmers on the Townhouse estate.

*He shot a fox.*

Now a live fox smells strong enough in a covert. You may wind him, when you are shooting a covert on a muggy December day, a hundred yards off, and for several minutes after he has crossed the track. But a shot fox smells ten times stronger. It is sure to come round to you. It came round to Wirem, and naturally he got notice to quit. The worst of it was he had not only shot the fox, he had claimed for the poultry he had lost, and the claim had been handsomely settled by the Hunt secretary. It was the talk of the countryside. Wirem stoutly denied shooting the fox, but the smell was too strong for him, and out he had to go.

Lord Beaurepark heard about it all from his keepers and bailiff and vowed Wirem was a d—d gnostic fellow. "First he shoots the foxes, then he comes down on the Hunt to pay for the harm the foxes have done to his poultry." My lord laughed heartily, sent for Wirem, listened to the whole sly story of hardship, laughed again, and told Wirem to go and settle with Mr. Jobson about a lease of Ashdown farm which would be vacant at Michaelmas.

"But mind", he said to Wirem, who hardly knew whether he ought to join in the dangerous joke or wear an air of innocence outraged, "you mustn't kill the foxes—mustn't kill the foxes, and then send in a poultry bill to the Hunt!"

Then Wirem walked backwards out of the door, and the lease was settled with Jobson, the agent.

For a time all went well. Foxes seemed scarcer than ever in the coverts of Ashdown. Wirem bade fair to become one of the best tenants on the estate, but one day a strange thing happened. After lunch on Sunday my lord took two of his friends out for a walk and showed them the lie of the land they were to shoot next day. One of the friends—a Secretary of State in a Liberal Government—was struck by the look of Ashdown farmhouse, and the host offered to show its interior. He knocked at the door and, with the fine courtesy he showed to all his tenants on their holdings, took off his hat to Mrs. Wirem and asked Could these gentlemen look over her model establishment? Three such great gentlemen, kind gentlemen, under her roof at the same time! It was a thing never recalled without pride, though it ended with a wretched mishap. The good woman couldn't be obliging enough. The visitors were shown everything—old bull, new sow, cocks and hens, and everything in the house. All the doors flew open to them, the dairy door, the larder door.

It seemed they had explored and admired everything, but just as they were going out the poor woman in her excitement opened the cellar door, and behold! two brace of the pheasants they were to shoot to-morrow hanging from nails on the wall. The door was shut in an instant, but too late. All three had seen the birds, and no sooner were the visitors out of the house than they turned on their host and were very funny. But for the life of him Beaurepark could not see the jest.

So Wirem was an even more gnostic fellow than his landlord had imagined. Here was something like a farmer—a man who shot the foxes and claimed for the fowls and then wired the pheasants! It was for trying to get the best of two worlds that Beaurepark had called him gnostic. But the best of three worlds at the same time!—this was taking the thing too far. My lord laughed no more. He was in a great rage. Wirem got notice to quit next Lady Day, and after the whole thing had been gone into and settled there was a discussion as to general estate policy with the agent.

"Jobson", says Lord Beaurepark, with a fear he might break into laughter, "there must be an end to this way we've slipped into of taking on tenants and workmen who've been turned off by the Townhouses. I won't have it in future. It's not neighbourly. The rich, Jobson", says my lord, vaguely, "the rich . . . must set an example to the poor".

"Very well, your lordship", says Jobson, in an agony lest he should smile.

So there was an end of it. Astonishing what a brace or two of game will do—those pheasants seen in a

twinkling in the cellar of Mrs. Wirem cured the old feud between the two great families of Wodiam.

On Monday my lady had out the yellow chariot still used on state occasions and left cards at the Whig mansion on the north side of the watershed. And on Wednesday the Whig family had out their yellow chariot, in this absurdly old-fashioned district, and left cards at the Tory mansion on the south side of the watershed.

So the poor had an example. It was unfortunate that, gaining this, they lost a most convenient labour exchange.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### UNIONIST POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

74 Grosvenor Road, Highbury, London N.

4 April 1910.

SIR,—Mr. Balfour is perhaps conscious of the fact that the campaign in the last election was imperfectly planned and loosely conducted; though he is so much a "House of Commons" man and holds in the House of Commons a position of such eminence and authority that he may well tend to lose sight of the country at large. It is impossible to doubt, though as a speculative opinion it can neither be proved nor profitably argued, that if the leader of the Unionist party had given the country a strong lead and taken his stand on a strong constructive programme, the partial success of the Unionists at the General Election would have taken a more conclusive form, and, with the gain of an additional number of seats, would have saved the country from the shameful spectacle of an English Ministry bartering away English interests in order to secure the passing of a Budget to which a majority of the newly elected House of Commons is conscientiously opposed. The Budget was referred to the people, the people have returned a majority against it, and such is the respect of the present Government for the will of the people that it is now haggling with the Separatist Irishmen to get them to vote against their convictions and to force last year's Budget through the House of Commons, the decision of the country notwithstanding.

It is interesting to note to what conclusions distinguished publicists on the Continent, some of whom, particularly in France, know more about England and English affairs than many of the writers in the English daily press, have arrived. To the vast majority of the readers of daily newspapers the names of men like M. Augustin Filon and M. Gabriel Hanotaux may not mean very much, but to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW they will probably mean a great deal. This is how M. Filon sums up the result of the General Election: "Le demi-succès des unionistes aux élections générales de 1910 est dû à deux causes qui ont paralysé le mouvement: la question mal posée et l'absence d'un 'héros'." M. Hanotaux says precisely the same thing. Here are his words: "La vérité est que les questions ont été mal posées, ou qu'elles se sont mal posées devant le pays. Il a manqué à l'Angleterre, dans cette crise émue, un de ces esprits puissants, une de ces voix retentissantes qui parlent à l'âme d'un peuple et lui expliquent avec franchise et lucidité le fond des choses."

The truth is that in a General Election a man of the temperament of Mr. Chamberlain is needed. This does not mean that Mr. Chamberlain was always right, but it does mean that, had he been there to lead the fight, the result of the General Election would in all probability have shattered the merely mechanical combination in which the heterogeneous elements of the party in power are precariously held, and the people would have been spared the wanton attempt which is being made to destroy their ancient Constitution. It is matter for congratulation that a sort of tentative motion in favour of Proportional Representation has passed the House of Commons. But it was so purely tentative, and Mr. Burns so carefully guarded the Government

against any promise or pledge to bring in a Bill either this or next session, that the way is still clear for the Unionists to make the question their own. They need not be discouraged by Mr. Burns' wiseacre declaration to the effect that the Government took the view that there are many anomalies and injustices in the electoral system which proportional representation would not eradicate. Possibly not. Then for those other anomalies and injustices suitable remedies must be found. It is as if a man were suffering from nephritis and a doctor should say to him: "I am of opinion that the remedy for nephritis will not cure all the ills to which flesh is heir." Would that our legislators were always on such sure ground! Would that they were always equally wise!

Everyone seems to think that a General Election cannot be long delayed. All the more reason for the Unionist party to be ready and to take steps to secure that the mistakes of the last election are not repeated. It is to be hoped that Mr. Balfour will decide to abandon the pig-in-a-poke policy and to go to the country with a strong programme openly declared, advocated on its merits, and presented without reservation.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

D. N. SAMSON.

### PATBALL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 6 April 1910.

SIR,—In your article called "Patball" you ask "But have not games and sports become an absolute obsession in this country to-day? And is not the obsession a very dangerous one? Would Germany have forced her way so quickly and so firmly to the forefront of nations if she had been so intent as we are on the muddled oaf and the flannelled fool, the one all through the winter and the other all through the summer?"

I think there can be little doubt that games and sports are an obsession, and a dangerous obsession at that, in England at the present time. Moreover, your query about Germany is most pertinent.

It would ill beseem me, who have played more than a dozen average Englishmen in one, to rail at Britons for being over-fond of play. That in itself is bad, and in this respect the German youth in his commercial life has a great advantage over his English rival. He is less addicted to play, more thoughtful and more thorough than is the English youth. You say "Most players in the States do not seem to worship a game for its own sake as do we—their idea, frankly, is to get the better of the other players."

Well, frankly, so in my opinion it is in England. The canker at the heart of English sport is twofold—the undue importance attached to winning and the lack of intelligence in playing—a lack of intelligence and sympathetic insight that can only spring from a certain deadness to the finest part of many games.

Take cricket for instance. Who is there so bold as to state that our cricketers worship the game for its own sake, or even that the lookers-on do this? It is the day of century-mongering and average-hunting, and the chief modern development of it, the googlie, is not known by the greatest players of our national game. This has been amply demonstrated in South Africa recently, but we are well aware of the fact even without this forcible reminder. We see in lawn tennis, Rugby football and other games the same want of headwork, and so we have had to take a back seat, and we shall have to keep it, in our national life as in sport, unless we realise that we must, to keep pace with modern thought, use our brains more.

That is England's greatest trouble. She does not encourage thought. Speaking of something I had written, a writer a short time ago said if golf were reduced to the exact science that I would have it, what would become of one's natural bent? Firstly, I know only too well that golf never will be an exact science, and, secondly, it seems inconceivable to me that because a man gets greater knowledge of any game his natural



bent must be interfered with. Such remarks are sheer futility, but this attitude of mind is encouraged in England, and it tells against us in sport and in business.

You conclude by saying "Tennyson predicted in 'Maud' that England would go down in babble at last. It is as likely to go down in games". She has already "gone down" in games. In 1904 I predicted clearly what would happen to her in lawn tennis; a few months ago I dealt with the googlie, which I called "the ball that will beat England". It has since done it in South Africa, and will do so here unless we learn it. I foretold in the "Times" what was in store for England from the New Zealanders in Rugby football. I recount these apparently unimportant things because I see just as clearly that the spirit of the English games is not of the games only. The games show the trend of the national life.

There is no desire to come to grips with the great problem. Like our national game cricket, which has developed into the science of arranging intervals, conserving energy and avoiding risks, is our national life. We want the soft, easy time without the fight, without the work. We want it all without any trouble; and so, unless England realises that now she is expressing herself, and not too nobly, in her games, the last line of your article will be prophetic and she will "go down in games".

I am etc.

P. A. VAILE.

[When Tennyson wrote of England going down in babble he meant, of course, through babble. We are not impressed by Mr. Vaile's prediction that England will deteriorate in games. England is on the whole easily to the fore there—provided the others play fair.—ED. S. R.]

#### THE REPRESSION OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There lie before me two documents typical of the attitude adopted towards musicians by an influential section of their pretended advocates; and, as these derive from two highly representative London houses, I may safely take them for my text. Messrs. A.'s prospectus goes without preamble to the point. They "undertake the publishing of works for authors at their (the authors') expense and risk, and they (the publishers) will be pleased to submit estimates of cost on receipt of MSS. The terms required are one half the amount payable on placing the order and the remainder on completion. Plates etc. are stored at the owner's own risk".

Messrs. B., of the other house, are if possible even more explicit to the same effect; but the impossibility of purchasing is emphasised while, none the less, they are willing to publish on his (the composer's) account a whole album of song; they even offer to sell copies of the book for him, and, by a stretch of generosity, will allow its author, who, by the same token, has already paid for its production, one quarter of the full price on such sale!

In face of these documents, accurately representing as they do the present state of the music market in England, can one be surprised at the apparently low figure cut by our home musician who, to take advantage of the situation at all, must be endowed with a length of purse and a wealth of vanity usually denied to the true artist. Obviously under such a system the merits of the music are subordinated to the merits of the man, and these latter are naturally measured by the man's ability and willingness to pay for the distinction of being placed on the books of a limited liability company whose business lies in a declaration of dividends rather than in an appraisal of art.

The position would be ludicrous if it were not so lamentable; nor is it to be countered by the inevitable rejoinder of these people that "give us the real stuff and we will publish it at our own, not owner's, risk fast enough". Such contention does but the more condemn them for the encouragement given to inferiority whose money they are not above taking and whose name they have the face to exploit as representing British music. Only the other day, as I am aware, a well-

known teacher of singing in London received from one of the leading "publishing" houses a batch of such songs for dissemination among the pupils. Happily the professor, in this case above suspicion, was in a position to return the whole lot, with the remark that they were "not worth the paper they were printed on". But for one who can afford to take this line there are ten who cannot; hence the flood of rubbish that is monthly shot upon the market to pass as "British music" and to give the lie to any possible pretension we may have to the title of being musical.

This evil genius for obstruction, however, does not end at the printing-house door. Not so long ago it was no uncommon thing to find an arrangement to their mutual advantage obtaining between the composer and the singer direct, whereby a given song was favourably introduced to the public first and to the publisher afterwards. Let the composer attempt this method now, and he will probably find himself forestalled—his singer already in the arms and pay of the publisher and more rather than less debarred from individual action.

Then the public. It has been said, and with some show of truth, that to the average Englishman music is only noise disguised; that he is fond of noise, and therefore fond of music; if not, how can he tolerate the forceful-feebleness of the programme too often submitted to his patience? One can only think the impresario was right the other day when he informed an inquirer that he really didn't know what his soprano was going to sing; it didn't matter: "they come to see her"! This apathy on the part of the public is a trump card in the hands of the Messrs. A.s and the Messrs. B.s. What care they so long as any singer will sing any song if only they provide it, and an audience can be found to swallow it? The conclusion is a painful one, nor do we see how any other can be arrived at under existing conditions—conditions, be it said, of our own ignorant allowing. Music among us, "that divinest art of all", is not making, can never make, those "immense strides" which it pleases us to imagine. British music is lightly, because dishonourably treated; and it will remain so as long as the system which so ably provides for its repression is suffered to prevail.

Why does the sister art of painting stand so much higher in this country? Why else than that, from the nature of things, the painter is his own publisher?

CONCOLINEL.

#### WHETHER IS NOBLER?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—My sympathetic heart goes out to Max in his affliction. In a double sense his sorrow is my own. Not only do I feel for him, but a like burden to his it is my lot to carry. His friends cut him because he cannot accept Grasso; mine treat me with contumely because I cannot stand "Elektra". To tell this is to increase the weight of Max's grief; but I yearn for sympathy and must speak. I am depressed. The question is, What must be done? Shall we courageously bear this bitter life, or shall we flee together into the wilderness or to some lone isle in the far Pacific? The latter plan commends itself to me just now—for, as I say, I am depressed. We might build a hut; Max could do the washing and cooking and keep the place tidy; I would smoke my pipe and keep an unremitting look-out for admirers of Strauss and Grasso. I would continually compliment him on his stand against Grasso—whom I have never seen; he might perhaps praise my courage in declining to receive "Elektra"—which he has, probably, never seen—as a great opera. And in five years we would return, sunburnt and full of health and self-satisfaction, to find Strauss and Grasso totally forgotten and our friends longing for us. The return of Dr. Cook from nowhere near the North Pole would be nothing compared with our triumph. The question is, then: Shall we do that, or stop here and brave out the anger and scorn of our friends, who, though excellent fellows in many respects, are, in one respect, absolute boobies?

Yours faithfully, JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.



## REVIEWS.

## GESTA DEI PER CAROLUM.

"Croniques et Conquestes de Charlemaigne": reproduction des 105 miniatures de Jean Le Tavernier, d'Audenarde (1460). Par J. Van Den Gheyn S.J. London: Luzac. 1909. 17s. net.

THIS is a curious publication. It is not, strictly speaking, a book; it lacks two of a book's chief characteristics—the pages are not bound together, and there is no letterpress. Rather is it a portfolio—portefolio to be accurate—containing a hundred and five reproductions on cards of scenes from the life of Charles the Great. The scenes are taken from the "Croniques et Conquestes de Charlemaigne" in the Bibliothèque Royale in Brussels. Its author, David Aubert, was a scribe who had been attracted to the Burgundian Court by the munificence of Philip the Good, and it was at his patron's command that he carried out the work: "Ce fine", as he writes on the last page of the book, "le second volume des conquestes de noble empereur Charlemaigne lequel par le commandement et ordonnance de très hault, très excellent et très puissant prince Phillipe, par la grace de Dieu duc de Bourgogne . . . a esté estrait et couchié en cler francois par David Aubert". Philip was not only a patron of letters, but, like Otto III. and Frederick Barbarossa, a passionate admirer of Charles the Great. It was therefore only natural that at a time when the old chansons de gestes had lost their vogue he should commission someone to publish a prose chronicle of Charles' conquests. Chroniques chevaleresques were the fashion of the day. What is more, Philip and his Burgundians were engaged on the same task that Charles had performed with such miraculous success, the foundation of a Frank monarchy in central Europe. The national aspirations would be encouraged by the description and illustration of his victories.

Great pains, then, were spent on the book. Of the four men who collaborated in its production we fortunately possess certain details. First, there is the editor and author, for he was more than a transcriber, David Aubert himself. Next it was "couvert de cuir blanc" by Sturvaert Lievin; thirdly, "enluminé de grosses lettres petites et moyennes" by Pol Frint; lastly—and this is what chiefly concerns us—it was illustrated by "certaines histoires de blanc et de noir" by Jean Le Tavernier. Jean was a member of a family that produced several artists. Gilles was a gilder, Gerard a painter, and as to Jean himself, anyone who has seen his work will acknowledge that he is a black-and-white artist of great merit. Father Van Den Gheyn gives a hundred and five examples of his work, and though several of them deal with similar subjects, there is nothing conventional or monotonous about any of them. As works of art they are excellent. How far are they useful as illustrations of historical fact? The question opens out a most alluring avenue of historical research. We can only point whither it leads.

Around the life of Charles there has collected a gigantic mass of legend and anecdote and tradition in every language and country of Europe. But side by side with this wealth of legend and poetry the historical authorities are meagre. Eginhard's Life of his master is a delightful little biography, but it is nothing more than a sketch. Then there are Alcuin and Paulus Diaconus and Witikind and some monastic annals and Papal letters, but all put together come to very little. Yet in spite of this dearth of historical data Charles still stands out as one of the most vivid and definite characters in all history. For this we have to thank legend and tradition. May it not then be urged that just as legend has helped to keep alive his memory, so it can still be used to provide further material for the history of his life and conquests? There are many historical gaps; if only they could be filled in with carefully sifted material from the epic poems and prose romances, the magnificent structure of his life's work would appear much more imposing and complete.

There are Chansons de Roland and Renauds de Montaubans and Ogiers and Fierabras and many kindred poems in French, Spanish, Italian, German, English, and the languages of Scandinavia. There are windows in mediæval cathedrals—who that has seen it can forget the window at Chartres?—picturing scenes from Charles' life. There are Church offices that record incidents in his career; the office of S. Charlemagne was recited at Girone and Carcassonne on 28 January up to the end of the eighteenth century. Who, then, can wonder that Charles and his twelve peers, and his mother Bertha and his wife Sibile, and Roland and Oliver, and the traitor Ganelon and the horse Bayard have been household names in Europe for a thousand years? Legend is easily constructed from history. Why should not history be reconstructed from all this wealth of Charlemagne legend?

The task of filling the historical gaps is not so fantastic as it seems; for there is a marked peculiarity about the Charlemagne legends. There is nothing shadowy or mystic about them, and not much that is either improbable or impossible; Charlemagne and his paladins are human beings doing human things in a very definite manner; their thoughts and actions are so humanly probable as to create a strong presumption that they are founded on historical fact. It may well have been that the Church put its foot down, and refused to countenance the growth of any mythology or demonology around Charles' life; or perhaps the French love of the definite and concrete was already making itself felt amongst the Neustrian Franks. Be that as it may, the legendary Charlemagne, as we see him in the innumerable chansons de gestes and chroniques, is very like the historical Charles as we know him in Eginhard and Alcuin.

Take, for instance, the scenes that Jean Le Tavernier has depicted. Most of them illustrate incidents that are unrecorded in authentic history. But almost all of them can be fitted somewhere into Charles' life without any conspicuous contradiction of recorded facts. There are several illustrations of his wars with the Lombards, the Saxons, and the Saracens. History does not record the particular episodes, but there is no reason why many of them should not have taken place. There is one exception—the Eastern conquests.

The East came to Charles in the person of Haroun-al-Raschid; but there is no historical evidence that Charles went to the East either as a pilgrim or as a conqueror. The Crusades, however, made a journey to the Holy Places a necessary event in the life of every mediæval hero; it is not therefore surprising that the story of a visit to Palestine and of victories over the Sultan of Babylon was soon included in Charles' life. With this single exception there is sound historical foundation for the wars that fill so large a space in the chansons de gestes, the chronicles, and the fabliaux.

Thus there is a large quantity of historical ore in the legendary deposits. Some historian should certainly sift it. Charles is so easily one of the greatest men who have ever lived that every clue likely to throw new light upon his career is worth following up. Legend usually borrows from history; let history for once try to get something back from legend. Gaston Paris spoke truly when he wrote "l'histoire fabuleuse d'un grand homme tient sa place à côté de son histoire réelle".

## ROUND KASHMIR.

"Kashmir." By Sir F. Younghusband and Major Molyneux. London: Black. 1909. 20s. net.

A GREAT deal has been written lately about Kashmir, but there is room for this book, even though a "beautiful book". In fact, one wonders how a country which made so fit a subject so long escaped Messrs. Black's series. In the end, however, the work has fallen into the best hands. Major Molyneux is perhaps the best-known painter in India, and he evidently knows Kashmir well. He has happily caught its peculiar atmosphere and colour. These varied studies do really illustrate. They are not mere coloured and adapted

photographs of Kashmir scenes or mechanical studies in its geography, but they have something of the inward spirit and charm of its unrivalled beauty. Perhaps the weakest parts are the architectural drawings. The picture of Martund scarcely gives a good idea of those imposing ruins. Looking at the character and purposes of the book we could have welcomed a few more sketches illustrating the life of native Kashmir and the ways of its people even at the sacrifice of some of its delicious scenery. Sir F. Younghusband has great qualifications for his share of the work. He was born within sight of Kashmir. He commenced his service on its borders, and his earliest explorations as well as his political work brought him along its frontiers, through its passes and valleys and to its capital city. He knew Kashmir before it was opened up as a tourist resort and was still only the haunt of enterprising sportsmen and travellers. He has seen the old order changing—perhaps not in all ways for the better—and he completed his Indian service by some four years as its Political Resident. Perhaps this full knowledge led him to attempt too much within the limits of a single volume. This work, too, was carried out in hours snatched from official duties, and such conditions leave little time for the difficult task of compression. The range covered is immense. In the best sense of the word the volume does the work of a guide-book and a great deal more. We have descriptions of the natural features of the country; its climate and seasons; its places of exceptional interest or beauty; its flora and fauna; its towns and villages; the sport and social life of its visitors; its products and manufactures; the races which inhabit it, and the traditional beauty of its women—which most people now will find to be little more than a tradition. Naturally the Resident feels bound to give an account of the administrative system, the personnel of the Government, and the chief sources of revenue. The story he tells of past and present is a triumph of British control. Kashmir through all its history has suffered perhaps more than any other Indian Native State from tyrannical and oppressive misgovernment. It is now in the way of becoming a model for others.

Then there is a history of the country from the earliest times which would require several volumes and is compressed into fifty pages. These might have been more usefully devoted to descriptive matters now curiously dismissed. The writer's wide knowledge of the peaks and mountain ranges would have enabled him to give much information and useful hints to climbers, in addition to the geographical survey which occupies a short chapter. Last but not least, Sir F. Younghusband gives, all too briefly, a fascinating and impressive study of the geological history of this wonderful corner of the world and the stages by which its stupendous mountains rose out of chaos.

In another edition a better map might be supplied. The present one is on too small a scale and too crowded to be of much service.

#### THE INCREASE OF SOIL FERTILITY.

"Fertilisers and Manures." By A. D. Hall. London: Murray. 1909. 5s. net.

"Soils and Manures." By J. Alan Murray. London: Constable. 1910. 6s. net.

TO the farmer the increase of the fertility of his soil is a matter of extreme importance, and the subject is one not to be neglected by the nation at large. Estimates have been made by various authorities at different times as to the value of the produce of the soil in this country, and these estimates have agreed in placing the value of the crops and stock raised annually at from £160,000,000 to £180,000,000. The sum is no insignificant one, whether we take the smaller or larger figure, but when we consider that there are 47,000,000 acres of cultivated land in the United Kingdom the return is by no means so satisfactory. It is quite true that the area given in the Board of Agriculture Returns as cultivated

land includes all the permanent pastures, except mountain and heath, and there is no doubt whatever that the miserably low figure of under £4 an acre as the annual average value of the produce is due to the millions of acres of wretched, poor, unmanured and neglected grass land to be found in every part of the country, irrespective of soil, climate or position.

Modern investigations have shown that usually the soils upon which these grass lands are to be found are in no sense of the word poor. Some may require drainage, but not nearly so many as is commonly supposed; others, by far the greater number, are lacking in some important constituent of plant food which could easily be supplied in an artificial form—but there is no reason of climate in this country, or of position in these days of improved locomotion, that should prevent the productive powers of these grass lands being immensely increased. Even while remaining as grass, a little attention to manuring, liming or drainage would often increase their fertility by 50 per cent. or more, but usually their productivity would be doubled and trebled if brought again under the plough. It is true that many of these poor pastures are upon land which it is difficult to work, though modern methods and machinery have greatly decreased the difficulties in this respect; but there are immense tracts, 5,000,000 acres at a moderate estimate, of our best and most fertile soils under permanent pasture, producing certainly no more than £4 or £5 per acre per annum, when they might, under the plough, be increasing our national wealth by quite twice this sum annually. The despised and much belittled wheat crop can be trusted to give an average of nearly £8 per acre, and many crops considerably exceed this value. It is an important fact, seldom realised, that even at our present average yield it would only require 7,000,000 acres to grow the whole of the wheat we are importing at the present time.

To the nation, of course, such an increased production would mean the employment of an immense amount of additional labour, and an increase of national wealth which might be anything from fifty to a hundred millions per annum. To the individual—to the farmer—it involves questions of the cost of the operations, the source of the necessary capital, the prices obtainable for the produce, and whether any profit will remain for himself. This increased production from the soil of our own country is one of the questions of the near future, though not many years since it would have been regarded as outside the range of practical possibilities. Not only are the prices of all agricultural products showing a marked tendency to rise, while the cost of production has in most cases decreased, but our knowledge of the factors conducive to soil fertility has been rapidly increasing.

Mr. A. D. Hall, in his book on "Fertilisers and Manures," puts the matter very clearly when he says in his preface: ". . . with each rise in prices the intensive farmer can recoup himself for an increased outlay. The future, too, lies with intensive farming; every year the ratio of cultivable land to the population of the world shrinks; every year science puts fresh resources in the hands of the farmer. . . . Intensive farming implies the use of fertilisers; still more it implies, or should imply, skill and knowledge in using them". This is the whole point: for intensive farming ever to become a remunerative art there must be skill and knowledge in the use of fertilisers—not only with fertilisers in the sense of manures, but skill and knowledge in every cultural operation that tends to fertility. No one reading Mr. Hall's book can help being struck by the numerous factors that enter into the question of soil fertility, altogether beyond the matter of sprinkling so many tons or hundredweights of possible plant food upon the soil. That these manures do have a great effect upon the size of the crop produced is well known, and is shown in the book by reference to the results obtained at Rothamsted and elsewhere; but it is rather in the newer lights it sheds upon the actions and reactions brought about in the soil itself, the factors that determine the activity of the bacterial life of the soil and the effect of this upon soil fertility, that the greatest interest in the book will lie for the searcher after agricultural knowledge. For a book so crammed with



facts it is wonderfully pleasant reading, but, of course, it assumes some knowledge of the subject. Another recent work dealing with almost the same subject is Mr. J. Alan Murray's "Soils and Manures". In this book the subject is dealt with from the point of view of an agricultural chemist, and the result is a very useful text-book for the agricultural student. Mr. Murray assumes a little knowledge of elementary chemistry; otherwise he begins at the beginning, which will make the book useful to a large class of readers.

Both these books deal with the maintenance of soil fertility and the means that are available for its increase, and yet there are many people who will ask, Of what use are they to the practical farmer who has to earn his living by his farming? They are exactly of the same use as the advanced farming of Coke of Rainham a hundred and fifty years ago. Nobody but a few enthusiasts took any notice of him, and no doubt the farmer of that time asked the same question as he does to-day. But presently men began to look over the hedge and copy his example, and his methods slowly but surely spread all over the country. The intensive farmer has to depend on extraneous fertilisers to produce his crops, and he has in the past depended largely on the town stables. The motor is no producer of fertilisers, and the farmer will shortly have to look elsewhere. Is it not of consequence to him that he should know the sources of his fertilisers and their exact values for each kind of crop and for his particular soil? It is not unlikely either, in the near future, that the attention of the intensive farmer will have to be directed to the cultivation of his soil bacteria and the eradication of their enemies as an aid to the production of profitable crops. Many such factors will play an important part in the agriculture of the future.

#### MALTA IN THE AGE OF NAPOLEON.

"A History of Malta during the Period of the French and British Occupations, 1798-1815." By W. Hardman. Edited by J. Holland Rose. London: Longmans. 1909. 21s. net.

MR. HARDMAN, of Valetta, who for fifty years made Malta his second home, collected a large quantity of English and foreign documents bearing on the history of Malta and Gozo from 1792 to 1815 in the hope that these documents would, if presented in their entirety and without unnecessary comment, serve to remove many misunderstandings which had grown up in course of time. Dr. Rose has now given this work to the public with few alterations. The narrative and general arrangements have been retained, but many of the documents have been either eliminated or curtailed where they cover the same ground as such works as "Nelson's Despatches", M. de la Jonquière's "Expédition d'Égypte", and the "Paget Papers".

Mr. Hardman's chief object was to refute certain misconceptions of the history of that time largely the cause of the agitation still prevailing amongst the natives of the islands. The alleged breach of faith by the British Government with the Maltese as a people who had fought for and won their independence may not be allowed, nor the statements that the Maltese were the principals and the British but auxiliaries in the capture of the fortress and that the Maltese had by their own military exploits gained the right to self-government. This self-government, they allege, existed during the occupancy of the islands by the Knights of S. John of Jerusalem in the form of the "Consiglio Popolare." Many other grievances have been fostered by the writings of such men as Mr. W. Eton, the Marchese Testaferata, Monsignor Bres, George Mitrovitch, Baron Giuseppe de Piro, and Baron Azopardo. Mr. Hardman is perhaps unduly severe on the administration of the islands by the Knights of S. John of Jerusalem, who had held them from their cession by Charles V. in 1530 down to their conquest by Bonaparte in 1798. Doubtless abuses had crept into the Order since Mohammedanism had ceased to be a danger to the peace of the Mediterranean. Turkey was no longer a formidable sea power, and after

the destruction of the Algerian, Tunisian, and Tripolitan Corsairs, largely due to the courage and energy of the Order itself, their mission had become restricted to the internal administration of the islands, whilst the chief duty of their fleet was the collection of treasure from their various bailiwicks extending from Lisbon to Syracuse. Doubtless, also, there was much justification for the reproaches which the last Grand Master administered to many of the Knights for their immorality. Moreover, the arrogance of some of them made discontent amongst the native population and led them to favour the French invasion at the outset. Yet the report of Poussielgue, first Secretary to the French Legation at Genoa, who was subsequently appointed "Comptroller of the Funds and Administrator General of the Finances of the French Army in Egypt", which was despatched to Bonaparte on 8 February 1798, speaks very highly of the popularity and generosity of Hompesch, the last Grand Master of the Order. This testimony, coming as it does from an interested and hostile source, is certainly of some value in minimising the force of the accusations which have been so freely made elsewhere.

The French might have had an easier task in their endeavour to hold the island if they had not shown want of judgment in running counter to the religious prejudices of the people. The alleged immorality and arrogance of the Knights, who were, it must be remembered, celibates and monks for the most part, had not stifled their loyalty to their faith. Thus Vaubois, in his Journal of the Siege, tells how the agent of the "Commissaire Civil" aroused the indignation of the mob when he attempted to put up to auction the effects and valuables belonging to the Carmelite Monastery in the old city. His removal from the church of what the writer describes as "une misérable tapisserie", but which was probably a valuable piece of tapestry, together with some unwise observations of his, so excited the people that he was forced to fly for his life. There is, however, no denying that Vaubois himself showed the greatest courage and endurance in face of the most overwhelming odds caused by sickness and want of food. It was only when food ran short and Graham refused to allow any more Maltese to leave Valetta that he was eventually compelled to surrender. This fact also gets rid of the Maltese contention that the British were not the effective conquerors but only auxiliaries in the fray. The documents both of besiegers and besieged establish absolutely beyond dispute that Valetta fell "not because of the bombardment and demonstrations made against it on land, but because of the constricting grip of the British Navy, especially during the summer months of 1800". This fact would not require the prominence Mr. Hardman has given it but for its denial by some Maltese writers; it seems obvious enough in a small island absolutely dependent on the importation of food from outside. Much might be said on other subjects touched on in this work, few of which are more curious than the interest taken in the acquisition of Malta by the Russian Emperor Paul, whose romantic impulses had been flattered by the offer of the Grand Mastership of the Order of S. John, which the Knights had most unjustly forced Hompesch to resign. The important fact this work emphasises is that Bonaparte by his ambitious schemes in the Mediterranean and in India eventually forced the Addington Cabinet to hold on to Malta as an "outwork of India". In this respect he differed but little from those other enemies of ours who have literally forced us into the mastership of the seas.

#### ANTIQUITIES OF CEYLON.

"Ancient Ceylon: an Account of the Aborigines and of part of the Early Civilisation." By H. Parker. London: Luzac. 1909. 25s. net.

OUR knowledge of ancient Ceylon has within recent years been advanced by the publication of the "Epigraphia Zeylanica" and the translation of the "Mahawanso". Mr. Parker has thus had advantages

which were not within the reach of Sir Emerson Tennent and other writers. The three parts into which his book is divided are respectively classified as (1) The Aborigines, (2) Structural works, and (3) Arts, implements and games. We are encouraged to learn from the preface that in transliteration the amorphous letter "e" with a dot underneath is to be shown by "æ" diphthong, and that the Singhalese alphabetical "wyanu" is properly to have its phonetic equivalent in the English "w". In Ceylon anyone who pronounced it otherwise would, as Mr. Parker says, make himself ridiculous. Unfortunately, however, the author has not conformed himself to these excellent canons, and so we find the capital of the north-western province, which the English people have stupidly stereotyped into "Coryngaul", appearing, not as the euphonous Kurunægala—two short vowels followed by a dactyl—but with the diphthong split into two distinct vowels "a" and "e", both marked long; other words are similarly treated, whilst Vaedda has no diacritical mark over the vowels and no sign of the promised diphthong. Among the Singhalese synonyms given for Dagoba the word "wæhaera" does not exist, while "Cetiya" is the Pali equivalent for "Cheitya" spelt with the double kombuwa; the letter "c" is not in the alphabet. It is not until we turn to Part II. that we begin to reap the fruits of Mr. Parker's long and distinguished career as a member of the irrigation department. Ceylon has few more distinctive and interesting features than the vast reservoirs and the Dagobas or receptacles for Buddhist relics. Mr. Parker has made a special study of these remarkable works, and particularly of the various shapes, dimensions and epochs of the bricks used in their construction; he has thus enabled himself to determine approximately the dates of manufacture of the respective sorts of bricks, being often able to corroborate his conclusions by the documentary evidence of the "Mahawanso" or of rock inscriptions. He gives a lucid account of the gigantic structures which have lately been brought to light at Anuradhapura, one of the capitals of the Singhalese kings. Among the tanks recently restored may be mentioned the Abhaya wæwa, the "earliest constructive work which can be identified with certainty in Ceylon", having an area of 255 acres when full; this was the work of King Pandukabhaya, who reigned 437 to 367 B.C. (not "about 300 B.C."), and Tissa-wæwa, the work of Dewenipiyatissa (307-267 B.C.), which now covers 550 acres; but Mr. Parker is of opinion that the large deserted tank called "Panda wæwa" in the north-western province is the most ancient of all the irrigation works. Constructed by Panduwasā, the third King of Ceylon (504-474 B.C.), this vast reservoir shows remarkable engineering skill in its design and execution; the bund or embankment is more than a mile and a half long, the water surface extended over 1360 acres, and yet there are numerous remains of others much larger; plans for its restoration were prepared, we are told, more than thirty years ago.

The chapters upon the ruined cities, the lost cities, and the Dagobas are among the best in the book. It is a pity that the author never visited the oldest and probably the most notable of all the buildings in the island, the Mahiyangana Dagoba. Sir Emerson Tennent saw it in 1848 and described its ruinous condition. According to the illustration given from a photograph it seems now to be surmounted by a spire of an unexpectedly modern appearance; the "Mahawanso" records that it originally contained some of the hair of the Buddha and one of his bones brought miraculously from the funeral pyre. The identification of the lost cities Tambapanni and Parana Nuwara is felicitous and certain; others remain yet to be discovered, and among these must be placed Siriwardhana Nuwara, which is located at one site by Mr. Parker and at another by Bishop R. S. Copleston. The evidence for each alternative is absolutely inconclusive, for the geographical value of the "yojana" has yet to be determined. Unfortunately some scepticism is aroused as to the accuracy of Mr. Parker's decipherment of some of the ancient inscriptions.

Two of those discovered at the Ritigala cave are stated to refer respectively to King Lajitissa and his brother Wattā Gāmini (104 B.C.), but it is shown by Don M. de S. Wikramasingha ("Epigraphia Zeylanica", vol. 1, part iv. 148) that, on palæographic and other grounds, these inscriptions belong to a period rather more than two hundred years later. It is difficult to understand why Mr. Parker, far from acknowledging the literary services of modern Singhalese pandits in elucidating their country's history, has gone out of his way to point out "almost the solitary instance in which they have cleared up a single doubtful point in the history of Ceylon". The tone of this ungenerous sneer is uncalled for. He could hardly have attempted to write his book without the assistance of Wijayasingha Mudiyanse's translation of the "Mahawanso". Wikramasingha's "Epigraphia Zeylanica", nowhere even mentioned, is an indispensable adjunct to a proper comprehension of the ancient rock marks; while the enduring works of the late Hon. J. de Alwis and L. de Soysa, Maha Mudiyanse, go for nothing.

On the other hand, "Sir F." Max Müller (sic) has the distinction of three brief notices, one of them introduced merely for the purpose of contradicting him; indeed, the great authority on the aborigines and the Vædda language is a Mr. Nevill and the Taprobanian. Singhalese scholars will smile at his derivation of "yaka" from iya + ka, "arrow man", instead of the old Sanskrit "yaksha", a demon or superhuman being (Rig Veda, vii. 61, 5); and they will be mystified by the strange term "paeraeli bāsa", neither of which words has ever had an existence in the written tongue. It hardly need be observed that the five kinds of Pæraeli are clearly defined in the first chapter of the "Siddat-sangarawa", and that a Pæraeli bāsāwa would be, as Euclid says, absurd. The following traveller's tale should not be overlooked:

"On another occasion a village Vaedda was assaulted in a similar manner by a Bear, and came out of the encounter much more seriously injured, being badly bitten on the arms and head. He told those who found him lying on the path and carried him home how he heard a loud report while the Bear was worrying his head; this was caused by the fracture of his own skull by the animal's teeth. He was seriously ill when the account was given to me, and I did not learn whether he succumbed to his injuries or not."

This is an example of instances where Mr. Parker has relied for his facts upon secondary and untrustworthy evidence. He is, as we have seen, an authority upon the ancient Singhalese bricks; for the manufacture of his own he has deliberately chosen to gather stubble instead of straw.

#### NOVELS.

"The Tower of Ivory." By Gertrude Atherton. London: Murray. 1910. 6s.

There are novels in which, the art being of no account and the story not enough to detain us, the sole interest lies in the author's outlook on life as exhibited by a manipulation of the characters. It is never safe to presuppose what others may or may not find detaining, since that depends so largely on the extent to which one has been previously detained, and there may be those who will find pleasant distraction in "The Tower of Ivory", or enough reality in its tragedy to regard it seriously; but one would feel sorry for anyone who can sympathise with the author's illusions about John Oldham. He suffers at the outset from the ascription of extraordinary intellectual gifts, not one of which does his creator succeed in making good for him. All the women, also described as clever, who engineer his destinies speak continually in bated breath of his marvellous abilities and the pity of their being lost to a diplomatic career. But not once from beginning to end of a long book does he make one single observation which has the least air of intellect or even of astuteness, and his only claim to diplomacy seems to have been that



he was a ready and cold-hearted liar. He cherishes "a vast immaterial longing for that other part of himself, so full of splendour and terrible mystery"; so, indeed, does the reader, but no revelation is vouchsafed which can pretend to be either mysterious or splendid. He is a very commonplace young man who imagines that his aristocratic birth gives him the right to loaf about the world on his tradesmen's money, and to evade the consequences by threatening funds out of his elder brother or marrying the usual obsequious American heiress. His wife confers her romantic loveliness, a touching devotion, and a million of money upon him, which he rewards by murdering her and the child she bears him by the most base-hearted selfishness, within a few months of their wedding-day. One does not object to having a puppy for a hero, but one tires of having his puppyhood presented to us through the enamoured vision of middle-aged ladies as "the nobility and refinement of a clean high-bred Englishman". He behaved in everything he did like a contemptible cad, with not the remotest suspicion of the obligations of nobility; and, without desiring the didactic touch in romance, one may object to the apotheosis of such a creature by infatuated admiration. The heroine who spent years on the New York streets before blossoming into the most marvellous of operatic singers is a nice clean person by comparison; indeed, her fondness for the hero is about the worst thing in her. She brings into the book a vast amount of Wagnerian superlative, which seems a little out of date, and of course plays her rôles with unimaginable fervour. But she carries even less conviction as a woman than as an artist, there being no connective tissue between the various contrasting periods of her career, when she was pit-hand, Messalina, prima donna, recluse, and lover again under the influence of John Oldham. The whole book suffers from a similar stiffness of construction, and lacks that illuminating familiarity which has distinguished much of Mrs. Atherton's work.

"Helen with a High Hand." By Arnold Bennett.  
London: Chapman and Hall. 1910. 6s. net.

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(Continued on page 470.)

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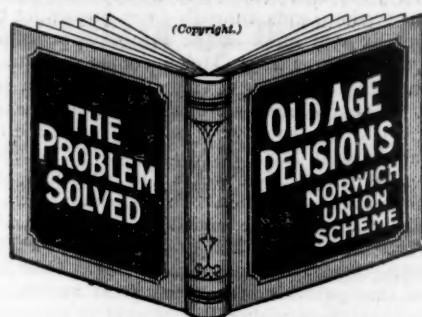
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#### SHORTER NOTICES.

"Stories of French Artists." By P. M. Turner. London: Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The title of this book must not be taken to mean "anecdotes of French artists"; nor can the term "French artists" be taken in too wide a sense, as Mr. Turner means by it solely French painters, and not too many of them. It consists of biographical studies, serious, even solemn, and perhaps just a little dull, of the men bearing the best-known names in the history of French painting. Beginning with those who might almost be called the antediluvians, it ends with Delacroix. The more recent painters are eschewed altogether: only "names" seem to make any sort of appeal to Mr. Turner. Still, the book is quite readable by the ordinary man, and will be found useful, we daresay, by budding art critics. Of real stories there are a few, and the stories of the painters' lives are told clearly, we believe accurately, and without verbiage. The illustrations throughout seem excellent, though perhaps exception might be taken to the very modern smartness of some of the reproductions of paintings that may be seen in the Louvre and other collections—paintings on which Time has done his mellowing and effacing and defacing work. The chapters on Clouet the Fleming, on Poussin, on Fragonard and Vernet, are the best; but the nearer Mr. Turner comes to our own times the less satisfactory he is. We cannot but think his interests are quite as strongly antiquarian as artistic. Whether the craze for brief, curtailed biographies of men of letters, painters, musicians, cricketers and prize-fighters is or is not a healthy sign of the times we do not pretend to decide. We would rather a man knew all about one painter and his art thoroughly than have a smattering, a vague notion, of twenty painters; yet that man, giving the leisure of a lifetime to one painter, and not having twenty lives, may discover the utility of a book or books from which he may learn something, enough for him, of the other nineteen. Yet we have doubts, like the Scotch. It appears likely that the miniature biographies now so popular will be read mainly by people who make a thorough study of no subject whatever. However, the demand for these things exists, and in meeting it Mr. Turner has done his job conscientiously and, as we have remarked, seriously.

"The People's Law." By Charles Sumner Lobingier. New York: Macmillan. 17s.

This is not, as might excusably be supposed from its title, a volume of the "Every Man's Own Lawyer" type for the use of the citizens of the United States. Its theme is indeed not any particular body of law, but a history of the law-making power exercised directly by the people of a nation. The drift of it is to suggest that the submission of proposed constitutions for previous approval and ratification by popular vote or the limitation of the power of Legislatures by the referendum, is a movement which will seriously modify the legislative functions of Parliaments and Congresses of the future. Dr. Lobingier describes his work as ranging from the ancient Folk Mote to the modern Referendum, and as a study in the evolution of democracy and direct legislation. The most interesting part of the book shows the connexion between the ecclesiastico-legal theories of Protestantism, which began with the institutions of Calvin, and the Constitutions established during the American and French revolutionary periods. Dr. Lobingier's discussion is valuable as history though we should object that he is too sympathetic with the theories. But the greater and less interesting portion of the book, to us, is the account of direct popular participation in law-making in the Federal and State Constitutions from the beginning down to

the present. It is too much for the non-American; though Professor George Elliott Howard, who writes an introduction, thinks the author has enriched "our historical literature with an illuminative treatise". If this refers to the wearisome accounts of the American Conventions, Dr. Lobingier treats them at far greater length than their political value justifies.

"The Story of the Negro." By Booker T. Washington. London: Fisher Unwin. 1910. 10s. net.

There is in this book an extraordinary detachment. Mr. Washington reasons and pleads with a sang-froid that is never ruffled. He trusts to the sheer force of logic and of instance. You may look in vain for a passage to reveal him as the impassioned advocate of a race whose past is shadowed and future uncertain. In fact he deprecates the use of any such phrase as "the tragedy of colour" in application to the position and history of the negro; and considerably softens the cruel picture of negro slavery for which we look. He even speaks of the "genial warmth and gracious charm of the old ante-bellum Southern life" as something to look back to with regret. In discussing the criminality of the black as compared with the white man he weighs and balances the figures with a just and level hand. There is little trace of emotion anywhere. Nor is there the least hint of irony. Add to this that Mr. Washington is genuine in his love of race, and the book becomes a paradox. One of the impressions left in the mind by this book is that the negro is on the way to ruin, simply in so far as he is on the way to be Americanised. The negro of Uncle Remus and of the nigger melodies had a future even in his slavery. The nigger melodies are far more precious as an indication of what the negro might have done or may do, than this book of Mr. Washington. The negro must learn to realise this himself if he is to add anything to the sum of human progress. It is a higher achievement to have inspired the opening passage in the last movement of Brahms' pianoforte quintet than to have produced the Beef Trust.

"The Bourbon Restoration." By Major John R. Hall. London: Rivers. 1910. 21s. net.

This book deals with a period—lying between two others that have been greatly overdone—which has not had its right share of attention. Accordingly Major Hall does well to plunge into the beginning of his subject without more prologue than is needful, and to leave the epilogue to write itself. For the years it covers (1814 to 1830) the book is of real value. It is well documented, chapter and verse being given whenever necessary. Major Hall has the true scholarly precision to know when a reference is likely to be welcome to his readers and when it is likely to be a nuisance. He tells his story in sober and businesslike prose, and is scrupulously fair in his presentment of events and characters. Altogether this is a book for the historian, who cannot afford to neglect it, not for the casual reader. It is all the more pleasant to find as there are so many books published to-day purporting to be French history which are mere hashed gossip of the demi-monde.

"Judaism in Music." By Richard Wagner. Translated by E. Evans sen., with Notes. London: Reeves. 1910. 3s. 6d.

This is an excellent translation of a work by Wagner which became notorious because of the ill-temper it manifested, yet a work which holds a vast quantity of truth about artistic matters. The notes by Mr. Evans elucidate many points which have become obscured during the sixty or so years that have passed since the original appeared in print. The warrant for its publication is that there was not a good translation in our language. Perhaps someone will some day set to work to translate other and more important essays of the composer.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Avril.

M. Bardoux has written a very good article on the British election of 1910. Like many other publicists, he finds considerable difficulty in gauging with accuracy the exact meaning of the returns, but his article is worth reading, though he seems more alarmed as to the attitude of the working classes than he need be. M. Welschinger begins a series of articles on the captivity of Napoleon III. at Wilhelmshöhe. He gives quotations from an instructive brochure penned by the unlucky Sovereign in 1871 on the campaign of Sedan, a work, as he says, little known. Whatever his faults, the ex-Emperor put his finger directly enough on the initial cause of all the trouble by pointing out that all respect for authority had passed away among the French, and that was the principal cause of their catastrophes. "The successes of Prussia are owing to her superiority in numbers, to the rigorous discipline of her army, to the empire

(Continued on page 472.)



## NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

## THE MALADY OF THE CENTURY.

IT has frequently been pointed out that the stress and strain of modern life tend to make excessive demands upon the nervous system. The fact is made alarmingly evident by the increasing number of victims to the breakdown known as Neurasthenia, or nervous exhaustion.

Brain-workers (especially those who dwell in large cities) are most liable to this "malady of the century". Many of its early symptoms are mental, and for this reason a sufferer from Neurasthenia frequently does not suspect the fact until a general breakdown occurs.

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## A WORD OF ADVICE.

It becomes more and more evident that in the modern struggle for success those only stand a chance of winning who keep their nervous system in a fit state to endure the strain. Therefore, all who are compelled to work at high pressure, who are harassed by anxieties or worried by failures, should begin at once to restore their depleted nervous energy by means of a course of Sanatogen.

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which is exercised by the principle of authority throughout Germany. Let our unhappy compatriots, who are prisoners, profit at least through their sojourn in Prussia by appreciating how much force a country gains by having power respected, law obeyed, the military and patriotic spirit dominating all interests and all opinions." This sentiment is no less necessary, and absent, in France of to-day.

#### THE APRIL REVIEWS.

One of the most striking articles in the April Reviews is Mr. Benjamin Kidd's in the "Fortnightly" on a national policy. He finds the position of the Liberal party at this moment one of "the strangest phenomena in Western politics"; in a time of profound and universal reconstruction Liberalism is without any constructive principle of its own. It has failed to grasp the fact that "thinking in communities is the creed of every living and enduring movement in the world of to-day and the only creed under which it is possible for Liberalism again to wear the giant's robe of progress and reform in these islands". Mr. Kidd makes what he calls a "deadly analysis" of the position of Manchester and the theory of the cotton trade which has been imposed on all the other industries in the kingdom. Though the cotton trade has not been compelled to face tariff walls to the extent other trades have, its proportion of business with the "advanced, progressive and manufacturing nations of the world" is to-day only one-sixth of its total export as against one-third a quarter of a century ago. Outside the tropics Lancashire has not held its own. Yet the Manchester system has been forced on us as a national system. "Surely never was a hollower piece of absurdity imposed on the mind of a nation." But Birmingham has come forward as the antagonist of Manchester, and in Mr. Kidd's opinion "protection, protection, and again protection, for every commodity which can with time be produced equally well at home and the organisation of a stable home market as the basis of trade enterprise abroad" must be the ruling notes of the era of world trade on which we are entering. To continue to import manufactures and products which can be supplied at home is not only a waste of human energy, it is "an outrage on large masses of our home industrial population". Mr. Kidd was converted to Tariff Reform by the hard logic of facts. Mr. Harold Cox seems to become more of a free importer the more he discusses the question. In the "English Review" he says that there is no real difference in the Imperial aims of the Free Trader and the Tariff Reformer, but Tariff Reform is developing along lines which are becoming absolutely anti-Imperial. Mr. Cox has a quite astonishing gift for perverse reasoning in so able and independent a mind. Even as regards particular home industries there is, he says, a serious flaw in the protectionist case. If a specified industry could be established at a small loss to the consumer, "it must be equally true that the same industry could be established if the manufacturers and workmen were content to diminish to a similar degree their profits and wages". Mr. Cox forgets two things, dumping and trade unionism, the one the result of protection abroad, the other the protection of labour at home.

Sir Henry Seton-Karr's survey in the "Nineteenth Century" of the changes which have come over the political situation in Great Britain during the last twenty years shows that much has altered for the worse. The country has entered upon a troublesome and turbulent time and "a new democracy has arisen which is in urgent need of wise guidance and direction". According to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who writes on the tactics of the present crisis in the "National", the interests "protected by aristocratic and irresponsible government" have been strengthened by various influences, whilst "the fibre of democracy—both the manual and the intellectual democracy—has been softening. Ideals of liberty, independence, self-government have become bedraggled". He is convinced that Mr. Asquith would make a mistake if he resigned at the present juncture—unless, he adds naively, Mr. Asquith knows that Mr. Balfour would not accept office. He is afraid the Government may begin tactical manoeuvres, instead of carrying the fight forward by honest and strenuous methods. Mr. Asquith as fiscal anarchist is the subject of another article in the "National" by Mr. W. R. Lawson. Under Mr. Asquith instability in Budget-making was developed and under Mr. Lloyd George has reached "a sensational climax". To take the risks he is taking Mr. Asquith must, says Mr. Lawson, be "absolutely lacking in financial instinct", and it is really alarming that men "so utterly blind to the perilous character of the adventure they have plunged into" should be at the head of affairs. They have degraded our national finance. "Without lowering one's opinion of Mr. Asquith almost to zero, it can hardly be suspected that at the outset he ever contemplated having to

stray so far as he has done from the path of financial rectitude". Mr. Asquith's humiliation is emphasised by the writer of "The Coming Struggle" in "Blackwood". The Prime Minister's decline has been swift and sure. "A ruined reputation, an ignominious surrender, a recantation at the bidding of a disloyal faction of all the promises and professions by which, as leader of a great party, he had bound himself—a slave, in fact, instead of a master—is all that we see left of one who but a few months ago boasted that he would change the constitution, defy the aristocracy, and if necessary beard the crown. And now, forsooth, after all the humiliations he has suffered, and all the insults he has borne, financial business of the highest importance is to be shelved, the public interests to be openly sacrificed, to save Mr. Asquith's dignity." The finance of the New Liberalism is examined in some detail by Sir William Bull in the "Financial Review of Reviews", and responsibility fixed on Mr. Asquith for the "sordid exploits" in connexion with the Budget.

In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Archibald Hurd deals with the new Navy Estimates. He concludes that "the naval programme of the present year is adequate and consistent with security", admitting at the same time that it fails to "interpret the two-Power standard and all it connotes". The fact that in the "danger period" towards the end of next year our superiority over Germany in Dreadnoughts will amount to five only, even if we count the two colonial battleships due to be completed at that time, does not alarm him. He looks abroad, compares and computes; and is satisfied. Such comparing and computing is itself a confession of weakness. Sir Edmund C. Cox, in the same Review, has different views. There is for him one way to meet the crisis. "It is one which a Cromwell, a William Pitt, a Palmerston, a Disraeli would have adopted long ago." It is to say to Germany "Stop your building or we will blow your fleet to pieces". Only in this way can the impossible competition be brought to an end. Mr. Archibald Hurd writes again in the "Fortnightly", deprecating a large expenditure on the land forces. We must depend on our fleet. The home defence force need only be strong enough to repel a raid. To spend money on home defence instead of increasing the naval vote is like taking refuge in the garret when burglars are expected, instead of keeping the burglars out. In "Blackwood's Magazine" this month the publication in New York of Mr. Homer Lea's "The Valor of Ignorance" is made the occasion of an article upon the fate of decadent nations who lose the power to protect themselves. The British Empire is the case in point. "The era of expansion by conquests of feeble Asiatic or African tribes has apparently come to an end. . . . We depend for an army upon the payment of such lads as for one reason or another can find no better employment. . . . Volunteers are of no use in mile-away war, since they know nothing of its science." Meanwhile in Germany Frederick the Great's maxim still rules: "Any war is a good war when it is undertaken for increasing the power of the State". In the "Contemporary" General Langlois' critically friendly study of Great Britain's military position is summarised from the "Revue des Deux Mondes". General Langlois regards the Territorial Army as a serious force capable of fulfilling its limited mission; thinks the Regular Army might play a vigorous part in a European war, and is assured that Lord Roberts and the Duke of Bedford deliberately exaggerate to support the cause of compulsory service.

In the miscellaneous character of its contents the "English Review" this month is easily first: its contributions range from a poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy and a story by Mr. Frank Harris to articles on agriculture by Mr. A. D. Hall, and Ireland by Mr. Sydney Brooks. In "Blackwood" Sir R. Anderson confesses to the authorship of "Parnellism and Crime", a confession which perhaps is not the revelation the Radical papers seem to think. Mr. George Greenwood in the "National Review" discounts the value of Dr. Wallace's new Shakespeare discoveries. M. Maurice Maeterlinck in the "Fortnightly" has a delightful study of Macbeth. Mrs. Disney Leith, a cousin of Swinburne, tells in the "Contemporary" some of her early recollections of the poet, with whom she was on terms of closest friendship into which romance never entered; and Miss Susette M. Taylor in the "Thrush" gives some account of Milaspa, the most popular author and poet of Tibet. Mr. Laurence Gomme in "Cornhill" writes on certain interesting traditions of London. Mr. F. W. Knocker in the "World's Work" has a topical paper on Malaya and the Rubber Industry, and in the latest comer among the magazines, the "Tramp", Mr. E. C. Benson has an article on the waters of and the walks around Harrogate—the waters for the invalids, the walks for their able-bodied companions.



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ISSUE of 1,000,000 SHARES of 2s. each, which are offered at par, payable as follows:—6d. per share on application, 6d. per share on allotment, and the balance of 1s. payable 6d. one month after allotment and 6d. two months after allotment.

**DIRECTORS.**—Major-Gen. Sir Norman R. Stewart, Bart., C.B., 50 Birch Grove, Acton, W. (Chairman); Geo. Macdonald (Chairman, Standard Oil Company of Mexico, Ltd.), 560-562 Salisbury House, London, E.C.; E. M. Bovill (Director, Peel River Land and Mineral Company, Ltd.), Norcott Court, Berkhamsted; F. R. de Bertodano (Managing Director, F.I.A.T. Motor Car Company, Ltd.), Holms Hill House, Barnet, Herts.

**BANKERS.**—London City and Midland Bank, Ltd., Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., and branches; Bank of New Zealand, 1 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

**SOLICITORS.**—For the Company: Pakeman, Son & Read, 11 Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C. For the Vendor Syndicate: Ernest Salaman & Co., 52 London Wall, London, E.C.

**BROKERS.**—G. C. Howard, 15 Tokenhouse Yard and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.; Weir & Robertson, 7 Royal Bank Place, and Stock Exchange, Glasgow, Scotland; Eadon & Dutchman, 8 East Parade, and Stock Exchange, Sheffield.

**AUDITORS.**—Franklin, Wild & Co., 22-26 Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C., Chartered Accountants.

**SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.**—Arthur C. Turtle, 14-16 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

This Company has been formed to develop oil concessions in New Zealand, and to acquire forty-four concessions, extending over a total area of some 147,900 acres, or about 230 square miles, situate near Gisborne, Hawkes Bay District, on the East Coast of North Island in New Zealand, as shown upon the map accompanying the full prospectus.

The importance of the discovery of oil in sufficient quantities in British possessions has lately been drawn attention to by the Press in general, and as recently as March 4, 1910, the "Times" published in a special article under "Prospects for Oil-fuel," from a correspondent, the statement "that the report that the Admiralty have made some large purchases of oil-fuel from certain of the Scottish mineral-oil companies, and are about to buy more, has given a remarkable strength to the oil market, and also to the market in oil company shares."

The article goes on to state that "the oil shale in New Zealand is also very rich, and New Zealand has also deposits of liquid petroleum, which are being exploited." And concludes: "With Egypt and India at work and the rich deposits of Australia and New Zealand properly utilised, our course abroad will be much simpler; but the point it may be well to make clear now is that with 95 per cent. of the petroleum of the world produced in foreign countries this country cannot safely adopt oil as the sole steam-raising force in the Royal Navy. It can be adopted in part, as the Admiralty are now doing, and the day may come when it can be adopted in full, but that day is yet far distant. There is much, therefore, on this ground to be said for developing all the petroleum resources within the British Empire. And they are more numerous and richer than the ordinary reader supposes."

The properties, the subject of the concessions proposed to be acquired, are situated in the Patutahi, Turanganui, Waikato, Waimata, Waingaromia and Whangara Survey Districts in Cook County, Auckland Province, surrounding the town of Gisborne, North New Zealand.

From their position it will be seen that the area is admirably situated with regard to accessibility, and the transport of the necessary plant required, whilst its nearness to the important town of Gisborne, situated upon the harbour of the same name, would ensure easy transport for the oil to the markets of the world.

The importance of the discovery of oil in New Zealand in commercial quantities, where the climate is too well known to need remark, and where a good market for the oil can hardly be over-estimated either to the country itself or to the British Empire. The Government of New Zealand is fully alive to its possibilities, and has given notice that it is prepared to give a bonus of £6,250 to the first company producing 500,000 gallons of oil from wells sunk in the country.

The following is an extract from a memorandum on the occurrence of petroleum in the Hawkes Bay District, on the East Coast, North Island, New Zealand, prepared for this Company by Sir Boverton Redwood and his colleague, Mr. W. H. Dalton, dated 15 March, 1910:—

From our general knowledge of the district, we are of opinion that, with careful selection of the sites for the wells proposed to be drilled, there is a good prospect of finding petroleum in commercial quantities.

(Signed) BOVERTON REDWOOD,

W. H. DALTON.

Sir Boverton Redwood has expressed his willingness to act as Technical Adviser to the Company.

EXTRACT FROM NEW ZEALAND GEOLOGICAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT REPORT, 1908.

**DETAILED WORK IN POVERTY BAY OILFIELDS.**

"There are abundant surface indications of oil, as shown by natural petroleum springs and by petroleum seepage in test-pits."

The directors consider that the proceeds of this issue available for working capital will be amply sufficient to prove and work the property.

A sample of the oil from the Poverty Bay district has been submitted to Sir Boverton Redwood for analysis in London by Mr. Geo. Macdonald on behalf of the G.M. Oilfields, Ltd., with the following results:—

4 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C., February 2, 1910.

Dear Mr. Macdonald,—I am glad to be able to inform you that the sample of crude petroleum received from you, described as from the Gisborne (N.Z.) Oil Company's Waitangi bore, furnishes excellent results on examination. The sample has a specific gravity of .855 at 60 deg. F. and a flash-point of 124 deg. F. On being subjected to the Engler distillation test it yields no distillate below 150 deg. C., but gives 55 per cent. between 150 deg. and 300 deg. C., and this may be regarded as representing the yield of kerosene, the remaining 45 per cent. being available for use as oil fuel, or as a source of gas oil and lubricating oils. I was informed some time ago that the oil from this well had been found to contain a considerable proportion of hydrocarbons volatilising below 150 deg. C., and I conclude that your sample has probably been exposed to the air, with the result that these constituents have been lost by evaporation. From particulars which have from time to time been placed before me I am very hopeful that New Zealand will become an important contributor to the petroleum supplies of the Empire under the British flag.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) BOVERTON REDWOOD.

Geo. Macdonald, Esq., 560-1 Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C.

The minimum subscription upon which the directors may proceed to allotment is 700,000 shares, which have been underwritten by the M.T.M. Syndicate, Ltd.

The preliminary expenses are estimated at the above-mentioned amount of £4,000, exclusive of cost of underwriting and brokerage.

Copies of the agreements, the Articles of Association, the Memorandum of Sir Boverton Redwood and Mr. W. H. Dalton, and of the report of Mr. Frank A. Rich, above referred to, may be seen at the offices of the solicitors of the Company at any time during business hours before the closing of the subscription list.

Copies of the full prospectus (upon the terms of which alone applications will be received) and forms of application can be obtained of the Company's bankers, solicitors, brokers, and at the offices of the Company.

London, April 6, 1910.

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# A. I. R.

## Aviation Investment & Research, Limited.

### DIRECTORS:

Vice-Admiral Sir CHARLES CAMPBELL, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., Chairman and Hon. Vice-President Aerial League, Member of the Council, Royal Aero Club.

Hon. OLIVER BRETT.

P. HARRINGTON EDWARDS (Director, Galvez Rubber Estates).

SIDNEY MARTIN EDWARDS (London Board, General Accident, Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Ltd.).

HAROLD BULMER EVERETT (Hon. Vice-President Aerial League).

ALEXANDER T. PENNEY (Alexander Penney & Co., Railway Engineering Contractors).

The Prospectus of this Company (The Pioneer English Aviation Co.), will be Opened on MONDAY, the 11th April, and Close on or before WEDNESDAY, the 13th April, 1910.

The following gentlemen form the advisory Committees:

### Aeroplanes and Dirigibles.

Major BADEN-POWELL, F.R.A.S.,

F.R.M.S. (Chairman).

T. W. CLARKE, B.A., A.M.I.C.E.

Sir HIRAM MAXIM, Kt.

Hon. MAURICE EGERTON.

J. T. C. MOORE BRABAZON.

B. G. BOUWENS, Secretary.

### Motive Power and Propellers.

Professor ALEXANDER LIWENTAAI

(Chairman).

B. S. KEMP (Messrs. Wells & Kemp).

FREDERICK R. SIMMS (Chairman Simms

Magneto Co., Ltd.).

S. A. MARPLES, A.M.I.M.E., M.I.A.E.

WARWICK WRIGHT (Chairman Warwick

Wright, Ltd.).

LOUIS F. DE FAYRECAVE, ) Joint

A.M.I.C.E., ) Secretaries,

F. M. J. WHITE, B.Sc. )

### Appliances and General.

WALTER F. REID, F.I.C., F.C.S.

J. D. F. ANDREWS, M.I.E.E.,

A.M.I.C.E.

C. GRAHAME WHITE (C. Grahame

White & Co., Ltd.).

R. M. BALSTEN.

BERNARD REDWOOD.

C. R. RADCLIFFE, Secretary.

For copy of the Prospectus of the Company and any further information apply to the Joint Secretaries, Major J. A. MELDON and ERNEST DAWE, 33 Southampton Street, Strand.

A Prospectus has been issued, which states amongst other things that:—

A Copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The Subscription List Opened on Thursday the 7th, and will Close on or before Saturday, the 9th April, 1910.

## BRITISH ROUMANIAN OIL CO. Ltd.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

**CAPITAL £200,000**

In 200,000 Shares of £1 each.

35,000 Shares are set aside for the provision of Working Capital, and for the general purposes of the Company. Of these, 35,000 Shares are included in the Shares now offered, and the remaining 60,000 Shares are held in reserve.

There are now offered for Subscription at par

**100,000 SHARES of £1 each,**

PAYABLE:

2s. 6d. per Share on Application,  
 5s. 0d. per Share on Allotment,  
 5s. 0d. per Share One month after Allotment, and  
 7s. 6d. per Share Two months after Allotment.

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Sir HENRY ARTHUR BLAKE, G.C.M.G. (Chairman, Newfoundland Oil-

fields, Limited), Myrtle Grove, Youghal.

F. S. E. DRURY (Chairman, Mailkop Oil Proprietary Company, Limited),

50 Pont Street, S.W.

LEWIS HAMILTON, J.P., Petroleum Mining Engineer, 20 North Street,

Westminster, S.W., and Campina, Roumania.

WILLIAM SNEILLIE (of Meade-King, Robinson & Co., Oil Merchants),

Tower Building, 22 Water Street, Liverpool.

THOMAS F. WILSON, M.P. (Director, London and Lancashire Life

Assurance Company [Scottish Board]), 163 Horse Street, Glasgow.

### BANKERS.

THE COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED, 62 Lombard

Street, London, E.C.; Head Office, Edinburgh; Glasgow, and other Branches.

THE BANK OF ROUMANIA, LIMITED, 7 Great Winchester Street, London,

E.C.

### COMMERCIAL AGENTS.

MEADE-KING, ROBINSON & CO., Oil Merchants, Tower Building,

22 Water Street, Liverpool.

### SOLICITORS.

WORTHINGTON EVANS, DAUNEY & CO., 27 Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.

### BROKERS.

LONDON: ANDREAE & CO., 28 Throgmorton Street, and Stock Exchange, E.C.

GLASGOW: E. C. GEDGE & GREIG, 166 Buchanan Street, and Stock Exchange.

### AUDITORS.

FORD, RHODES & FORD, Chartered Accountants, 81 Cannon Street,

London, E.C.

### TECHNICAL ADVISERS.

THOMPSON & HUNTER, 3 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (*pro tem.*).

ARTHUR DUNCUM, 81 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

### PROSPECTUS.

OBJECTS.—The Company has been formed to acquire concessions of oil territories in Roumania, comprising a total area of about 1,918 acres. These concessions, which have been very carefully selected during a number of years, by competent persons, for the purpose of winning petroleum or for the enlargement of their existing oil fields, are situated partly in the best-known and richest petroleum fields of Roumania, and partly in other districts where the strata are recognised as oil bearing.



## RHODESIAN MINING AND FINANCE.

The annual meeting of the Rhodesian Mining and Finance Company, Limited, was held on Monday at Salisbury House, London Wall, Mr. C. T. Holland (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. F. J. Asbury, F.S.A.A., F.C.I.S.) read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said he was pleased to meet the shareholders with better conditions prevailing in Rhodesia than those existing when they met a year ago. The board had been enabled to take advantage of the enormously improved state of affairs to the benefit of the company in which they were all interested. The alteration shown on the credit side of the balance sheet was due to the sale of lands, stands, and buildings, the "deal" having amounted in round figures to £25,000 in cash. The board held a good opinion of the land, and always prophesied that it would materially improve in value, but they thought it wise, when the opportunity presented itself for securing a decent round sum in cash, to take it rather than wait for the slow and gradual increase of the value of land in Rhodesia. Their object was, if possible, to earn profits for the company by avoiding what one might call long lock-ups. As to the company's financial position to-day, he said that they had in cash and realisable loans about £20,000. Their assets, which he might recapitulate, consisted, first, of 45,000 shares in the Guinea Fowl Mines. That property was a considerable disappointment, as so many other mines had been, because when they got down to about the 500 ft. level they came upon broken country. They got one of the best engineers in Rhodesia to advise them, and he said there had been so much dislocation of the reef below that unless the company were prepared to spend a considerable sum, either in endeavouring to locate the reef by means of a bore hole or, alternatively, to sink a new shaft, he could not recommend them to go on. The company had not got the funds available for a big undertaking of that sort, and so they let the mine on tribute. He was bound to say that if it were not for the discoveries which had been made recently in Rhodesia, speaking generally, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Guinea Fowl, speaking particularly, he should hesitate to spend his own money for that purpose, but the Guinea Fowl was only about a mile and a half from the Surprise Mine, and it was in identical formation. As the shareholders no doubt knew, the Surprise, after years of hard work and having met with the same difficulties as the Guinea Fowl, through the overthrow of the reef, had now, it was understood, struck their reef below the break, and appeared to be in a fair way of having a very fine property indeed. That naturally made one think there might be possibilities worth looking for about another mine which, like the Guinea Fowl, was situated in the same formation, and only a mile and a half from the Surprise. Overtures had been made to the board within the last week or two by parties who thought the gamble was good enough. Those parties were prepared to put up £10,000 for working capital to enable the board of the Guinea Fowl Mines, Limited, to put down a bore hole or to sink a shaft in the hope of meeting with a repetition of the Surprise position. They were prepared to afford such assistance as might be necessary to the people prepared to take that risk by giving them a call on this company's shares at prices to be arranged. He thought it would be agreed that that was a fair thing all round. He hoped that this agreement would be shortly put into force, and in that case the board would naturally attach some considerable value to the 45,000 Guinea Fowl shares which this company held. The Massey Mines, Limited, in which they held 35,000 shares, he said he considered was in a very satisfactory position, with its 200 claims, which were very well reported on indeed. From one section, which had been run by a tributary, the official Government returns showed that a recovery had been made equal to about 16 dwt. per ton. Regarding the Inyoka Tobacco Company, the company held the whole of its ordinary shares and all but about 700 of the 7½ per cent. participating preference shares. They had had a very favourable report on the estate by Mr. A. G. S. Richardson,

one of the best-known agricultural experts in Rhodesia. A sample of the tobacco grown on the estate was regarded as of very high quality by experts. The crop for 1909 was 10 tons; for 1910 it was expected to be 15 tons. When the additional acreage was got under cultivation the company ought unquestionably to be not only revenue producing but a dividend payer in a short space of time. Steps were being taken to plant experimentally a certain number of rubber trees, and these might become extra sources of revenue. One of Mr. Richardson's recommendations was that additional buildings, such as curing barns and large storage barns, should be erected, for which purpose about £4000 or £5000 more capital was needed. The board considered that the provision of a further £5000 was well called for, and they proposed making an issue of 5000 Inyoka 7½ per cent. participating preference shares. These shares participated to the extent of 25 per cent. of any surplus profits after receiving their own 7½ per cent. The new issue would be offered to the Rhodesian Mining and Finance shareholders, and this company would guarantee the interest on them for five years, when Mr. Richardson considered the estate would be in a thoroughly substantial position.

Mr. Walter Hillyer seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

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## SIXTIETH REPORT OF

## THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED

(YOKOHAMA SHOKIN GINKO)

Presented to the Shareholders at the HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING, held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on Thursday, 10th March, 1910.

CAPITAL PAID UP....Yen 24,000,000 | RESERVE FUNDS....Yen 16,250,000

PRESIDENT.—BARON KOREKIYO TAKAHASHI.

DIRECTORS.—NAGATANE SOMA, Esq. RIVEMON KIMURA, Esq. IPPEI WAKAO, Esq. MASNOKE ODAGIRI, Esq.  
TCHUNOSUKE KAWASHIMA, Esq. KOKICHI SONODA, Esq. ROKURO HARA, Esq.  
YUKI YAMAKAWA, Esq. VISCONTI YATARO MISHIMA. HYOKICHI BEKKEY, Esq.  
AUDITORS.—NOBUO TAJIMA, Esq. FUKUSABURO WATANABE, Esq.

BRANCHES.—Antung-Hsien, Bombay, Changchun, Dairen (Dalny), Hankow, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Koba, Liao Yang, London, Lyons, Fengtien (Mukden), Nagasaki, Newchwang, New York, Osaka, Peking, Ryojun (Port Arthur), San Francisco, Shanghai, Tientsin, Tokio.

HEAD OFFICE.—YOKOHAMA.

## TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN.—The Directors submit to you the annexed Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and of the Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ended 31st December, 1909.

The gross profits of the Bank for the past half-year, including Yen 1,155,841.<sup>00</sup> brought forward from last account, amount to Yen 11,331,669.<sup>00</sup>, of which Yen 8,374,961.<sup>00</sup> have been deducted for interests, taxes, current expenses, rebate on bills, current, bad and doubtful debts, bonus for officers and clerks, &c., leaving a balance of Yen 2,956,708.<sup>00</sup> for appropriation.

The Directors now propose that Yen 350,000.<sup>00</sup> be added to the reserve fund, and recommend a dividend at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, which will absorb Yen 1,440,000.<sup>00</sup>.

The balance, Yen 1,167,407.<sup>00</sup>, will be carried forward to the credit of next account.

Head Office, Yokohama, 10th March, 1910.

BARON KOREKIYO TAKAHASHI, Chairman.

LIABILITIES.		BALANCE SHEET.		31st December, 1909.	
	Y.		Y.	ASSETS.	Y.
Capital (paid up) .....	24,000,000. <sup>00</sup>	Cash Account—		Y.	
Reserve Funds .....	15,900,000. <sup>00</sup>	In Hand .....	14,803,450. <sup>00</sup>		
Notes in Circulation .....	55,120. <sup>00</sup>	At Bankers .....	14,591,008. <sup>00</sup>		
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.) .....	3,599,685. <sup>00</sup>	Investments in Public Securities .....			
Bills Payable, Bills Rediscounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank .....	147,026,525. <sup>00</sup>	Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, &c. ....			
Dividends Unclaimed .....	81,398,451. <sup>00</sup>	Bills Receivable and other Sums due to the Bank ....			
Amount brought forward from last Account .....	5,904. <sup>00</sup>	Buildings and Foreign Money .....			
Net Profit for the past Half-year .....	1,155,841. <sup>00</sup>	Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c. ....			
	1,801,566. <sup>00</sup>				
	Yen 275,421,383. <sup>00</sup>				Yen 275,421,383. <sup>00</sup>

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	Y.		Y.
To Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses, Rebate on Bills Current, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bonus for Officers and Clerks, &c. ....	8,374,961. <sup>00</sup>	By Balance brought forward 30th June, 1909 .....	1,155,841. <sup>00</sup>
To Reserve Fund .....	350,000. <sup>00</sup>	By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 31st December, 1909 .....	20,175,829. <sup>00</sup>
To Dividend—			
(Yen 6. <sup>00</sup> per Share for 240,000 Shares) .....	1,440,000. <sup>00</sup>		
To Balance carried forward to next Account .....	1,167,407. <sup>00</sup>		
	Yen 11,331,669. <sup>00</sup>		Yen 11,331,669. <sup>00</sup>

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, comparing them with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies, and have found them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and have found them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

NOBUO TAJIMA, } AUDITORS.  
FUKUSABURO WATANABE, }

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